RESULTS OF HYDROPATHY:

OR,

CONSTIPATION

NOT A DISEASE OF THE BOWELS;

INDIGESTION

NOT A DISEASE OF THE STOMACH

WITH AN EXPOSITION OF THE
TRUE NATURE AND CAUSE OF THESE AILMENTS,
EXPLAINING THE REASON WHY THEY ARE
SO CERTAINLY CURED BY THE HYDROPATHIC TREATMENT.

TO THIS ARE ADDED

CASES CURED AT STANSTEAD BURY HOUSE,

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE TREATMENT
GENERALLY.

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"Life, Health, and Disease," "Theory and Principles of Hydropathy," &c.

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PREFACE.

THE chief object of the present work is to give the results of my experience in the hydropathic treatment as practised by myself at Stanstead Bury House—not merely those results which consist in cases cured, but also the impressions which that experience has left upon my own mind.

Another object was the expression of certain opinions with reference to those two banes of society, indigestion and constipation. I am quite certain that the nature and causes of these two disorders have been totally misunderstood—that an erroneous practice has been

adopted for their cure or relief, in consequence of this misconception of their nature, seat, and causes—and that the uniform want of success in treating these maladies, throughout the entire profession, is only the natural result of this misconception.

I find that some of my opinions, as published in my work on the "Theory and Principles of Hydropathy," have been misconstrued—and the opinions expressed by other writers confounded with my own. A short while since a lady called on me; and, during our conversation, remarked that I had evidently "modified my opinions since my last publication." I begged her to name the passage which led her to this conclusion. On doing so, however, it turned out to be a passage which she had read in the work of *another author*. Mistakes of this kind have come to my knowledge more than once. I will, therefore, take this opportunity of requesting my readers to be quite sure that they put the right construction on my statements, and that they will also be so very good as not to make me responsible for the statements of other people.

The late Dr. James Johnson has declared it

to be his "most conscientious opinion" that the drug-treatment kills more than it cures. And I have declared, in a former work, that, if I were compelled to use all physic and no water treatment, or all water treatment and no physic, I could cure more diseases by all water treatment and no physic, than by all physic and no water treatment—and to this opinion I rigidly adhere. But neither this, nor that expressed by Dr. J. Johnson, can be understood to signify that drugs can never do *any good at all.* These opinions do no more than point out the great mischief which is done by their *excessive use.* Drugs do occasional good, but they also do occasionally much harm—and the amount of harm which they do is greater than the amount of good.

Since, however, there is no despotic law to compel me to restrict my practice either to physic solely, or to the water treatment solely, it seems evident to me that the common sense course is to preserve all that is good of the drug treatment, and unite it to all that is good of the water treatment—using both—abusing neither.

I shall conclude with a single observation

more; and I trust this observation will not be attributed to any arrogance on my part, but only to the earnestness of my desire to see *justice done* to the cause which I am advocating —to see it obtain favour, if justice shall determine that it is worthy of favour—to see myself disabused of an error, if justice shall determine that my judgment has been misled.

Much has been said, and something has been written, in hostility to the hydropathic treatment. But hitherto *no single attempt has been made* to prove either the danger or the inefficacy of this treatment by any *substantial, legitimate* arguments—that is, by arguments *drawn from any or all of those sciences, the study of which constitutes the education and professional knowledge of a medical man.*

I here therefore—not at all in a wrong spirit, but with great deference and respect, and having only the *truth for my object*—avow myself ready to reply to any such arguments (if such exist), either in the form of pamphlet or through the public press, *provided they be brought forward by a medical man.* It cannot, I think, be said that I have any sinister motive in this. For if it can be shown by legitimate

physiological arguments that this treatment is dangerous, absurd, or inefficacious, it would clearly be the most suicidal folly on my part thus to provoke them for the nonce to the certain destruction of my own cause. For one good solid argument would do more to put down the treatment than all the sneers of all the cynics, and all the ridicule of all the witlings, in the world.

Besides all this, if any such arguments really exist, I think I am justified in saying that it is the *bounden duty* of medical men to lay them before that public the care of whose health is committed to their charge—and a large portion of which is deeply interested in this question.

Yes—there is still one other remark which I must make—one word of apology. This work has been written by snatches—at odd intervals —those cheese-parings of time—and in the midst of numerous and very varied calls upon my attention. So far as regards style, therefore, and the *manner* of its composition, connexion, and arrangement, I am quite conscious that it is full of blemishes; and for these some

apology is due, and is here made, accompanied by the expression of my regret that they could not be avoided.

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OBSERVATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

Nov. 28*th*, 1845.

It is now more than three years since I went into Silesian Austria, for the purpose of witnessing the details and ascertaining the merits of what is called the Water Cure. Ever since that time I have been constantly engaged in practising it, and have had ample opportunities of testing its efficacy in a very considerable number and variety of cases; and it is my intention here to detail the *results of my own observation and experience* with regard to the remedial powers of this peculiar treatment.

When it is considered that this treatment consists mainly in the frequent use of cold baths

of various kinds—in restoring and promoting the natural functions of that much neglected organ, the skin, by frequent sweating under accumulated bed clothes, and by the wet sheet vapour bath—for the wet sheet is neither more nor less than a very neat, convenient, and mild vapour bath—in almost constant exposure to the heathful influences of a salubrious air—in strict attention to diet—in daily systematic exercise, on foot or on horseback, or both, regulated according to each patient's strength—in complete mental repose—in early rising and early retirement—the absence of all unwholesome causes of excitement, &c. &c.—when this is considered, and when it is further remembered that *every one* of these things *separately* has always been strongly insisted upon by medical men in all ages, as highly conducive to health, and as possessing a certain amount of remedial power—when, I say, all this is remembered, there will scarcely be any I think who will not acknowledge that this treatment *must* possess at least *some degree* of remedial virtue. For, if each of the several parts of which the whole treatment consists be acknowledged, on all hands, to possess in itself a curative influence,

certainly when they are all brought to bear upon the system at one and the same time this curative influence cannot be diminished, but must, on the contrary, be vastly increased.

The *whole* treatment, however, is neither applicable to all diseases, nor can it be safely administered to all constitutions. Neither can it ever supersede the legitimate use of medicine or the lancet—nor would I admit into my house any person who would not permit me to have recourse to these, should any sudden emergency or undoubted occasion arise, which, in my judgment, called for their use.

But that there is a very large number of diseases and diseased conditions in which drugs are worse than useless, but which can be perfectly cured by this treatment, I am as certain as I am of my own existence. And this fact I am about to demonstrate by the publication of certain cases, with names and addresses of the persons in whom they occurred—persons whose characters and position in society are beyond the reach of suspicion—and cases so well *marked and defined* as to be incapable of any undue colouring—thus affording a fair opportunity to any one who may doubt the authenticity of

these cases, of completely satisfying those doubts at the small cost of a penny postage stamp.

The cases are fewer in number than I could wish. But this only arises from the impossibility, in most instances, of overcoming that characteristic English reserve which makes people shrink from having their names paraded, as they call it, before the public, as having been the subject of this or that particular disease. I am the more indebted, therefore, to those few whose strength of mind and deep sense of benefit received, have enabled them to conquer this feeling, and to give me free and full permission to publish their names and addresses, as is the case with all those whose names are here given. But these nineteen cases, incontestably authentic as they are, are just as efficacious as nineteen thousand would be, to prove that the treatment by which they were cured does possess *a certain amount* of curative power. The great questions are, therefore: What are those particular diseases to which this particular treatment is most applicable? and what, in these cases, is its *amount* of curative power? Is it greater or less than that of drugs? and what advantages has this mode of cure over that of

the old method, in those diseases which are capable of cure by *either?*

I have said the *whole* treatment is not applicable to all diseases and all constitutions; but I may safely add that there is no disease to which it is not applicable *in part*—for there certainly is no disease which will not be more or less benefited by attention to diet—mental repose—almost constant exposure to a salubrious air—great attention to the state of the skin—daily exercise, &c. &c.—all of which constitute important parts of the treatment. It is a great error to suppose that this treatment consists *merely* in perpetual sweatings and bathings—although, where these can be safely borne, they constitute the fundamental part of it. It is capable of great modification, therefore, and must always be so modified as to suit the particular circumstances of each particular case.

I have also said that it can never supersede the legitimate use of medicine and the lancet. Certainly not—first, because there are some diseases, though I confess they are not many, which imperatively demand the use of these—and, secondly, because people cannot be always running away to a hydropathic establishment

upon every attack of illness, (and it can never be successfully practised at home) nor can all persons afford either the time or the money. It can never come into general use except for severe and *chronic disorders*, in which the old system has been tried and failed—and until the time shall have arrived when the profession generally shall adopt it, to a greater or less extent, as a part of the ordinary treatment of acute inflammatory and febrile diseases—to which the wet sheet is admirably well adapted, and in which it is capable of becoming a most important accessory. I most unfeignedly believe that there is no single remedy, except the lancet, capable of conferring such signal service in acute diseases as the wet sheet. And the time must inevitably come when medical men can no longer hold out against the use of this most simple, neat, safe, efficacious, and common-sense remedy.

But seeing that few cases are at present submitted to this treatment, except the oldest and most inveterate, and those in which every other earthly plan has been tried in vain, it should be no great matter of surprise if this plan also should occasionally fail. It would be, under

these circumstances, a miracle indeed if it succeeded always.

But it is not to be rejected as without value, and a very high value too, because it has not the miraculous powers which its first promulgators claimed for it. Our most important inventions have seldom fully realized the expectations first raised in the public mind by their discoveries. When the method of transfusing blood from the veins of the young and vigorous into those of the old and weak was first invented in France, it was thought that an equivalent for the elixir of life had at length been discovered, and that men would now be enabled to live for an indefinite series of years. So high did the public excitement rise, that the legislature was obliged to interfere, and prevent the further indiscriminate practise of this operation. Yet, though transfusion of blood cannot make men live for ever, nor cure all diseases, yet many a valuable life has been saved by it which could have been saved by no other earthly means.

From my own observation and experience, I believe the hydropathic treatment (by which I mean of course the whole treatment) when

not applied with too much severity, to be, in its nature, essentially tonic and alterative—*permanently* tonic, because it produces its tonic effects by filling the system with abundance of new and healthy blood—by strengthening the nervous system, and muscular fibre of the heart, and by constringing the capillary blood vessels, and therefore by strengthening the whole circulating system. These are effects which, when once produced, must be permanent, and not temporary—like the tonic effects usually produced by drug-tonics. In a word, it *builds up and consolidates* the whole system. And it is also *alterative*, because it exercises a remarkable influence in promoting and restoring all the secretions, especially those of the skin and bowels. This fact is one of the most incontestable proofs of its remedial virtues, and one, too, which must be of itself sufficient, in the mind of every medical man, to account for the curative influence which this treatment claims to possess. When one remembers how great is the stress which all medical practitioners lay upon the necessity of attending to the secretions—how much importance they always attach to the daily performance of the functions of the

bowels and liver—and that, too, in all sorts of diseases—and when we consider how many diseases are kept up solely by a want of power in the system and a deficiency in the secretions —and what quantities of drugs are daily given for the sole and declared purpose of effecting these two objects—when one considers all this, the curative efficacy of the treatment, in a multitude of diseases, must be, especially to medical men, most abundantly *intelligible*. But he who will have the treatment, the whole treatment, and nothing but the treatment—he who adopts it, in every case, as one whole, uses it as a nostrum, and administers it like a pill, totus teres atque rotundus, all or none—seems to me most unnecessarily to circumscribe its usefulness. For, thus administered, there are undoubtedly many diseases in which it would be quite inadmissible, and even dangerous. But if it be constantly modified to suit particular cases—giving the whole treatment only where the whole treatment can be borne, and promises to be useful—in one case trusting *most* to the various applications of cold water, and in another case (where this is improper or cannot be borne) trusting chiefly to diet and

exercise—it seems manifest to me that its sphere of usefulness must be greatly widened, and its chances of curing much multiplied.

I have lately had at Stanstead Bury House a most instructive case, which clearly illustrates this fact. A young lady, 21 years of age, *extremely short,* yet so fat as to weigh considerably more than *ten stone,* came to be treated for an offensive discharge from the external nostril, and into the throat, of 15 years standing. The discharge was accompanied by a constant pain in the upper part of the nose and forehead, and was so extremely offensive as totally to exclude her from society. At long intervals small pieces of the bones of the nose, about as big as a pin's head, descended and dropped from the nostril. For several months I submitted her to a very heavy treatment—plunge baths, sweating blanket, wet sheet, douche twice a day, shallow baths, sitz baths, &c. &c. Her health, which was good before, continued to be exceedingly good, and she gained great muscular strength. But the disease remained nearly as bad as ever. I now determined to trust to a severe system of dieting. I lightened her treatment (as it regards bathing, sweating, &c.) and kept her for two months

upon six ounces of food a day. At the end of this time the pain had entirely subsided, there was no discharge from the external nostril, no offensive smell, and the only thing that remained was an occasional very slight discharge from the back of the internal nostril where it opens into the throat. She then went to travel for some months, still observing a scanty diet. When she returned to London, she visited me at Stanstead Bury House. Her health and spirits continued remarkably good, and the disease in the nose had not returned. There was still a very slight discharge from the back of the nostril into the throat, but so slight as to give her no inconvenience, and to leave no doubt whatever that in the course of a few months more, if she continues her treatment, of which I make no question, she will be perfectly rid of a disease which had rendered two-thirds of her life so miserable, that, when she commenced the hydropathic treatment, she had fully determined, should it fail to cure her, on burying herself for the rest of her life in a convent.

During the whole time that she was living on this very small amount of daily food, she constantly took both cold bathing and exercise, and

was in the open air the greater part of the day, was in admirable health and spirits, and suffered much *less weakness* than could have been supposed.

This was a case, therefore, in which the water treatment alone was fairly tried and *failed;* but in which the same treatment with a *rigid diet superadded* to it, became completely successful; and I have no doubt that it was the light tonic system of cold bathing to which I submitted her during her course of rigid dietics, which enabled her to bear it so well; and I doubt whether the same plan of diet would have succeeded without it.

This treatment, therefore, which, when administered as a whole, and with a full diet, "builds up and consolidates" the body, as I have before said, can be so modified by a stricter attention to that *part* of it which consists in a system of dieting, as to *pull down* the body, whenever it becomes necessary to empty the weakened and engorged capillaries of their congested contents by cutting off the supplies. This is a sort of natural and slow bleeding, in which, however, the nutritious and vital parts of the blood are *retained*, and only its watery

and impure parts are lost. The congested capillaries, it is true, may be emptied by large artificial bleedings by the lancet; but then this cannot be effected without drawing off the *vital parts* of the blood at the same time, to the manifest and great injury of the general health.

The *immediate* effects of cold bathing, sweating, and exercise clearly are to waste the body; but if the stomach be well supplied by abundance of good food, the *daily* waste is daily re-supplied. And as the powers of digestion are, at the same time, always *augmented,* and the appetite greatly *increased,* the daily supply is greater than the daily waste, and thus the body is built up. But if, under these circumstances, the supplies *be cut off*—that is, if the amount of food be judiciously reduced according to the patient's strength, so that the waste exceeds the supplies—then it is clear that the volume of the blood and the bulk of the body may be reduced almost to any given extent—and that, too, by only getting rid of such parts of the body as are *not* necessary to life—while all that *is* necessary is still retained—a sort of concentrated essence, as it were—to become the

foundation of the after process of "building up" by means of a more generous diet. It is something like beginning life afresh. Or it may be compared, in effect, to putting a man's blood through a filtering machine, and then exercising extreme caution against the introduction of impurities until the full quantity shall have been gradually and slowly restored by an improved and well-regulated diet. The young lady whose case I have just related lost thirty pounds during the first thirty days, with scarcely any diminution of strength—showing that what she lost was in no way *necessary* to health and strength.

So again a gentleman from Birmingham came to me chiefly for the purpose of being reduced in size and weight. He weighed eighteen stone two pounds, and moved about with great pain and irksomeness to himself, owing to his weight and size—so much so that life had almost ceased to be enjoyable. He took a full course of water treatment, was put upon a diet of twenty-four ounces a-day, and enjoined to take a given quantity of exercise daily. Within three months he was reduced to something below sixteen stone, to his great satisfaction, and to

the infinite increase of his comfort and activity. He had before almost entirely eschewed society —he now enters into it with great zest and enjoyment; and at this moment forms one of a party making a tour across the Pyrenees.

I could easily have reduced this gentleman another stone, but imperative business called him suddenly away. He intends, however, to return for this purpose.

Another marked and prominent feature in this treatment is its great efficacy in allaying *morbid sensibility, nervous excitement, and irritation.* It is to this that I ascribe its almost never-failing success in *restoring the suppressed secretions.* No fact in the whole history of medical science is better established than this, viz. that the immediate effect of nervous excitement is always to arrest the secretions. To remove this excitement, therefore, is to remove the arrest of the secretions—in other words, to restore them. It is thus that it cures constipation—for, as I hope to be able to demonstrate presently, the stools are a *true secretion from the blood*—and *not,* as is commonly supposed, the mere *excrementitious parts of the food.*

There is one part of this treatment which is

so unequivocally useful that I suppose none can be found who will question the fact. The two organs which are appointed to throw out of the system by far the largest quantity of old, effete, and useless (and therefore hurtful) matters, are the skin and lungs. These, when in a state of healthy activity, throw out three or four times more matter than any other organ. The lungs alone, when kept in activity by exercise, will throw out as much as *two pounds* a-day. Yet these organs, the skin and lungs, are constantly suffered to be comparatively idle—to be, as it were, perpetually constipated, for want of cleansing and exercise, while the bowels, whose average daily amount of excretion is only five ounces, claims and obtains the utmost possible care, watchfulness, and attention. A man will suffer his lungs to be almost at rest (for want of exercise) and his skin to be quite so, (partly for the same reason and partly for want of cleansing) and never think he does amiss; while the same man is in a perfect fever of anxiety if his bowels fail, but for one day, to throw out their accustomed and comparatively insignificant five ounces.

But the skin and lungs can only fulfil their

offices completely and sufficiently under the influence of active exercise, which greatly multiplies the number of expirations in the minute, and increases greatly the daily amount of perspiration—active bodily exercise, as all his organism and structure prove, being the *natural* destiny of man—for which art has substituted mental activity and bodily idleness.

A treatment, therefore, which attends so much to the functions of the skin and the functions of the lungs, must necessarily be highly advantageous to the health, and have a direct influence in removing disease.

The case which I am about to relate is another instance of its almost marvellous effects in allaying nervous irritation and local morbid sensibility. I shall give the case, word for word, as drawn up by the patient himself expressly for this publication. I have only to remark that the pain in the affected limb was so excruciating that, for fifteen years, he was unable to move except on two crutches (which he has left at my house), and that when he left Stanstead Bury, he could walk perfectly well, with only a scarcely perceptible degree of lameness, (owing to stiffness in the knee joint), nine or ten miles

a-day, without either stick or crutch. I have frequently seen him walking round my lawn, firm and erect, at the rate of four miles an hour.

NO. I.—MR. PEET'S CASE.

William Peet, Esq., an opulent merchant, of Waterford, and one of the Society of Friends, about fifty years of age, placed himself under my care on the 10th of July, 1843, for a painful affection of the thigh. He came to me on two crutches, carrying with him a green pillow for the purpose of resting his leg wherever he sat down. He had gone on crutches for the preceding fifteen years of his life. On examining the limb, the first thing that struck me was its scarred appearance, resulting from the numerous blisters, leeches, setons, issues, &c. which had been applied to it. On grasping it with my hand, I found all the muscles for about two-thirds of its length, from the knee upwards, rigid and almost as hard as corkwood. There was a slight degree of flexibility at the knee joint, but walking even on crutches for a very short distance produced much inconvenience, and, at times, going as far as across a room

without their support was productive of serious consequences. His general health too was apparently in a shattered condition, his face was pallid, his skin was sometimes unnaturally dry; and at other times slight exertion caused him to perspire profusely. He was encased in flannel, and yet the least exposure to cool air gave him rheumatic pains in his back, neck, shoulders, and head. If, in chilly or damp weather, he went to the door to bid a friend "good night," he was liable to cold, and was often therefore confined to bed for two or three days with pains over the whole body. The following statement was drawn up by himself.

"I was always of nervous temperament, and of exceedingly active habits; fearless of wet and cold, though occasionally the subject of rheumatism and lumbago. In the summer of 1828 (then thirty-five years of age) I was attacked with typhus fever. This was quickly subdued by powerful medicines, but it left me in a most prostrate condition, with total loss of natural rest, and nearly so of the senses of hearing and touch. While creeping about endeavouring to regain my health and strength, I felt a wandering pain in my right thigh, which,

on the limb being rubbed with stimulating liniments and champooed, settled in the inner side of the thigh, within the space which would be occupied by a half-crown piece about a hand's breadth above the knee, and immediately became a most tormenting pain, resembling that of a throbbing and excruciating tooth-ache. It was successively treated as rheumatism, sciatica, tic douloureux, and deep-seated tumour.

"In the spring of 1829 I showed it to Sir Astley Cooper, who pronounced it to be the "*sting of fever*" occasioned by cold and over exertion—perfectly local—the periosteum inflamed, and probably the bone in that spot enlarged. He gave it as his opinion that if nothing had been done to it, and it had been allowed perfect rest, it would have passed away in three days. Recumbency, with the limb raised on an inclined plane, leeching the painful spot two or three times a week, a refrigerating lotion, and mild alterative medicines, were prescribed. This treatment was strictly followed for three or four months, during which time the limb stiffened to a considerable degree at the knee joint, and the painful part became much harder than the other parts of the thigh.

The *very acute* pain, however, ceased, and has not returned, except occasionally for a moment, when ease and quietude have always succeeded in arresting it. The hardness in the part first affected has never given way, and other parts of the front and sides of the thigh have, from time to time, become more or less indurated, notwithstanding the multiplicity of remedies adopted to prevent this, and this induration extends to about nine or ten inches above the knee. From the beginning an uneasiness was experienced in bending the knee—not in the joint—but in the muscles of the thigh, which deterred me from putting these muscles freely into action, and they gradually became more and more rigid, so that at length there was little flexibility of the knee joint allowed. From this period I became extremely chilly and rheumatic. Having given up Sir A. Cooper's treatment in despair, I tried cautiously to bring the limb into a little more use, but in 1830 the first symptoms threatened to return. Various kinds of counter irritation, and careful nursing, however, kept it comparatively tranquil for a while. In 1831 an eminent London physician and a surgeon of very high standing had consultations,

and by their joint advice the limb was leeched or cupped thrice weekly for a very long time, and friction, with various preparations, was tried—as hydriodate of potash, belladonna, camphor liniment, &c. Purgatives were also administered very freely and repeatedly. Though this treatment seemed to tranquillize the limb, it did not materially lessen the hardness and rigidity of the muscles; but most distressing effects on the general health were set up, and which became constant sources of suffering for the next three or four years. From this latter period I was enabled, by careful nursing, frequent cupping, the keeping up setons, issues, &c., and by the avoidance of all active medicines, to creep about on crutches, a little, until the spring of 1841; when, after having severe influenza and much disturbance of the general health, internal spasmodic pains came on, from the hip to the toes, but principally in the thigh above the part first affected. Various remedies, including the most severe counter irritation, were tried with little success for twelve months. In the summer of 1842, I came again to London and consulted the most distinguished surgeon of the day, and a physician of great

eminence, who both gave it as their opinion that no medical treatment could be of any service to my limb, and they merely recommended that a bandage should be applied in order to fix the muscles and produce complete anchylosis of the knee joint. The bandage was tried, but could not long be borne, as it caused the hardness to extend up the thigh with much general uneasiness in the limb. I then tried wet linen bandages, renewed from time to time; and finding these very soothing, I was encouraged to come under the general hydropathic treatment."

The treatment pursued in this case consisted chiefly of the sweating blanket, followed by the cold shallow bath, and the douche, applied not merely to the affected limb, but over the entire body, every day for some three or four months.

I have no commentary to make on this case, excepting the observation that he both can, and sometimes does, walk his ten miles in a day without either crutch or stick; and that the people of Waterford who, for fifteen years, had been accustomed to watch his slow and painful progress along the street, swinging between two

crutches, and carrying his green pillow under his arm, may now see him walking along those self-same streets, firm and erect, without support of any kind.

This gentleman has been kind enough to say that he will think it no trouble to reply to any letter of inquiry as to the authenticity of his case as here reported. His address is, William Peet, Esq. Waterford.

All medical men are aware that there is a great number of cases in which all that is necessary to cure them is a *tonic;* but in which there is present so much fever, or nervous excitability, that none of the ordinary tonics can be borne, on account of their exciting effects upon the brain and nerves. All that is wanted, in these cases, is a tonic which shall *not* excite, there being already present too much excitement. The hydropathic treatment is the most powerful of all tonics—and it not only does *not* excite, but allays excitement. In these cases, therefore, it is the very thing—the very *one thing needful.* In the case I am about to relate there were present both fever and a high degree

of excitability. All that was required in this case was an efficient tonic—but no efficient tonic could be borne, on account of the increase of fever and excitement which they produced. I believe quinine would have cured her, had not the fever and nervous excitement precluded its use.

There are numerous cases of slow chronic inflammation, accompanied by constant and considerable feverish excitement, which only require a powerful tonic for their cure—but then it *must* be a tonic which has also the effect of *allaying fever and irritability*. And the whole pharmacopeia does not contain a drug-tonic of this nature.

NO. II.—MRS. COULTER'S CASE.

Mrs. Henry Coulter, of High Street, Chatham, aged thirty-two, fell, on the 26th of June, 1843, over an iron bolt, while walking on the wharf attached to the premises of Mrs. Hulkes' brewery at Chatham, of which brewery Mr. Coulter has the management. She fell in such a way that the abdomen alone struck the ground. From that time the abdomen began to enlarge, and continued to do so for about

four months, during which time there was much uneasiness about the bowels, and the general health began to decline. At the end of four months she became affected with a violent cough (without any expectoration) and almost constant retching. A large, well-defined tumour now protruded, like an inverted pint basin, in front, between the navel and bottom of the breast bone, accompanied by pricking and shooting pains. One day, while in the act of retching, and supporting the tumour with her hands, she felt something suddenly burst within; the tumour instantly disappeared from under the hands, leaving a deep hollow. Severe smarting and burning pains immediately succeeded the bursting sensation, and, in about five minutes after, a full pint of pure matter was discharged from the bowels. This was in the following October.

About ten days after the bursting of this large abscess, another of equal size had formed and burst on the left side, opposite to the former one. Its progress and termination were attended by the same feelings, the same cough, retching, pricking and shooting pains, the same tumefaction, followed suddenly by a sensation

of bursting, which was immediately succeeded by sharp smarting and burning pains, the same deep hollow in the side, and the same discharge of vast quantities of purulent matter, with great violence. That there might be no mistake, this discharge was frequently collected and examined, and found to be pure pus or matter.

Ten days after the bursting of this second abscess, another of equal size had formed on the opposite side, which ran precisely the same course as the other two had done. Within about ten days from the bursting of the third, the first had filled again, which burst and discharged its contents into and through the bowels as before. Then the second filled and broke again—then the third—then the first over again, and so on, in succession. The best medical and surgical advice which London could afford was obtained, but the disease refused to yield in the smallest degree to any of the means employed.

In the meantime her health had been completely broken up. The appetite had totally failed; there were extreme debility, small and feeble pulse, sleeplessness, excessive and in-

tolerable thirst, parched brown tongue, hot dry skin, with sense of great weakness in the back. The bowels and catamenia were regular. On the 20th of April, 1844, (about six months after the bursting of the first abscess) she consulted me. A large abscess was then in the act of forming, which broke a day or two after she had returned to Chatham. A few days after this event she was admitted into my house at Stanstead Bury, and put at once under treatment. She had two large accumulations of matter during the first three weeks of her stay at Stanstead Bury house, and two or three much smaller collections, after which they ceased altogether, and her general health began rapidly to improve. A vast number of boils from time to time appeared upon the skin, which gradually disappeared, and left her in perfect health, which she still enjoys. Before quitting Stanstead Bury house, she has frequently ridden on horseback twenty miles in one day, and on one occasion twenty-seven miles—and she has often walked fifteen miles a-day without more than a very ordinary degree of fatigue.

The several steps which led to the establish-

ment of this disease will readily be recognised by every medical practitioner. The blow on the abdomen, occasioned by the fall, set up inflammation of the peritonœum lining the walls of the belly. Coagulable lymph was poured out, which glued the peritonœum of the parietes to the peritonœal covering of the transverse arch of the colon. Matter was then formed in the substance of the parietes, and an opening was made through the adherent portions of the peritonœum, and an outlet was thus beautifully provided for the escape of the matter *into* the cavity of the bowels, and so *out* of the body. But for this provident adhesion the matter must have been poured out between the parietes and the external surface of the bowels, in which event nothing could have saved the patient's life.

The reason why these abscesses did not heal was owing to the feeble condition to which their formation and discharge had reduced the system. A high degree of irritative fever was set up, the appetite totally failed, and the necessary amount of inherent energy to heal the abscesses was deficient. The indication of cure was clearly in this case to remove the fever, to

restore the appetite, and thus to supply the system with the requisite degree of strength to enable the living powers to fulfil their curative functions, and heal the abscesses. This was the object which the gentlemen whom she consulted endeavoured to effect by the ordinary means of appropriate medicines—which however totally failed. But that which could not be effected by medicine was most perfectly achieved by vapour baths, immediately followed by the cold plunge bath—by frequent cold ablutions of the entire body—by sitz baths—by the douche—by the wet sheet, &c. &c. This lady is still in the enjoyment of perfect health.

It is my most conscientious conviction that no treatment under the sun could have saved this patient's life, saving that alone which was adopted.

A letter addressed to Mr. Henry Coulter, High Street, Chatham, (the lady's husband) will, I am sure, satisfactorily authenticate the above statement.

The next case is one of scrofulous inflamma-

tion of the knee joint—its internal structure chiefly. This was a case in which that peculiar form of eruption termed the crisis was of singular advantage. A plentiful crop of very large pustules appeared about the knee, and relieved at once the internal inflammation. But this alone, without the tonic effect of the general treatment, would have been insufficient. For, had not the general health, which had become greatly enfeebled, been simultaneously invigorated, the internal inflammation would certainly have returned when the pustular eruption subsided. The original disease was one depending on weakness—constitutional weakness—and had not this been removed, it is impossible that the disease could have been permanently eradicated. It would have *returned* from the same cause which originally *produced* it—scrofulous or constitutional weakness.

NO. III.—THE REV. EDWARD PRICE'S CASE.

In the month of February last, 1844, I had an attack of influenza, accompanied by great weakness and lassitude of the muscles. I was however, though with difficulty, enabled to

attend to my professional duties. In March, I felt an uneasy sensation in the right knee, difficulty in walking, and a sharp throbbing pain at night. A strain in the knee aggravated these symptoms, and compelled me to have recourse to surgical advice. A liniment of ammonia was prescribed, but from which I derived no benefit. My knee swelled, and the pain at night became excruciating. I then consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie. He said there was water about the joint—prescribed a blister, and blue pill to be taken every night, and said I should soon get well. The blister removed the extraneous fluid from the knee, but the joint remained swelled and contracted. I became quite lame, and was confined to my room.

In a month's time, finding myself no better, I sent for Sir Benjamin Brodie, to know what further remedies ought to be applied. After a slight examination of my knee, he said I was cured, advised me to wear an elastic bandage, apply an embrocation twice a-day, and try a change of air. I went into Hertfordshire, and again put myself under surgical treatment. For two months I used embrocations, affusions of hot and cold salt and water, liniment of iodine

and iodide of potassium, but all to no avail. The enlargement, from an excessive secretion of the synovial fluid, continued the same, and inflammatory action in the joint daily increased. My life, from continued pain and debility, and long confinement to my room, was becoming a burthen to me, and the non-success of surgical remedies, rendered the prospect of a cure, not merely problematical, but hopeless.

At this stage of affairs, I met with a lady, who was undergoing the cold water cure for a strained ankle at Dr. Johnson's house at Stanstead Bury. She had derived great benefit, and urgently advised me to become a patient there. As a *dernier* resort, and I must say, in a very desponding frame of mind, having then but little faith in hydropathy, I complied, and on the 26th of June became an inmate of Stanstead Bury house. At that time, I could not, with the aid of a crutch and stick, limp a few yards without feeling exhausted, and suffering great pain and consequent inflammation of the knee joint. In three weeks time, however, I laid aside my crutch, which I had long thought was my companion for life. I could

then walk two miles a day with ease, supported by a couple of sticks, and every week I added a mile to my daily walk.

From the commencement of my treatment, a wet bandage was worn, day and night, on the knee. This, with the douche bath, at the end of five weeks produced a crisis, in the form of an eruption of boils on the diseased joint. This eruption discharged copiously for three weeks, then gradually healed, and left the knee perfectly sound and free from all complaint but the consequent weakness from long disease.

Several surgeons of eminence have since examined my knee, and expressed their decided opinion that nothing but hydropathy could have effected my cure—that it was a case incurable by medical or surgical aid. I may also add that it is now only four months since I began to try the cold water cure. I was then hopeless and desponding, shattered in health, and my professional career apparently closed for ever. I am now on the point of returning to my profession, with my health in the most vigorous state, better in fact than it ever was before, and I can now walk with ease and comfort a daily distance of eight or ten miles

without the aid even of a stick. All this, under God's blessing, I owe to hydropathy.

EDWARD PRICE.

Royal Sardinian Chapel,
54, *Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.*

When he consulted me the joint was inflamed, enlarged, excessively painful, and he could only move about, and that with great pain and difficulty, by the aid of a crutch on one side and a stick on the other. The above report of his case was drawn up by himself.

His address is—The Rev. Edward Price, Royal Sardinian Chapel, 54, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

The next case is one which further elucidates the efficacy of the treatment in allaying morbid nervous sensibility and spasmodic pain, as well as its influence as an anti-excitant and tonic. Notwithstanding this lady had been confined to her bed-room every winter for the last three years —and notwithstanding her extreme delicacy, and great sensibility to cold—she went through

the treatment, by my advice, in the depth of winter.

NO. IV.—MISS WALLIS'S CASE.

This lady's case was one of nervous debility, accompanied by hysteria, and the most violent spasmodic pains about the region of the stomach and bowels. When she was brought to consult me, she could not answer the most ordinary questions without crying, and could not walk a hundred yards without being overpowered with fatigue. This lady rode home on horseback, perfectly well, and is at this moment in the habit of riding fourteen or sixteen miles at a stretch with perfect ease and comfort to herself. From the very commencement of the treatment, she had no return either of hysteria or of the spasms.

The following is her own report of her own case.

Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

"I cannot remember the time when I enjoyed good health, for at the age of six or seven I was attacked with typhus fever, in which my life was despaired of, and from the effects of which

the constitution appeared never to recover. Inflammation in the eye was the next disorder, which lasted about twelve months and very nearly deprived me of sight for life. After this disease was subdued, the general health again suffered, but at the age of thirteen I was somewhat strengthened, until I was fifteen, when inflammation attacked the bowels, and in order to save life I was bled both by leeches and lancet so much that the effect has been felt ever since. Very great debility was the consequence, increased every winter by repeated attacks of influenza; and though at the age of twenty the health appeared strengthened, that improvement lasted but a few months, and total derangement of the whole nervous system ensued, which I have suffered from nearly four years. I have had frequent attacks of violent spasms, particularly in the summer, and in the winter have suffered from influenza, soreness of the throat and chest, and cough—have been susceptible of cold from the slightest causes, and consequently have kept the house altogether from October or November until March, for the last three years. During the past summer I was so weakened by the confinement and

suffering of the foregoing winter as to be unable to take any exercise, frequently hysterical, and unable to bear the least cold or damp. The spasmodic affections became more frequent, often coming once a fortnight, and soon brought on by a little excitement."

Miss Wallis's address is, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire.

The next case is one of the most obstinate and distressing of all skin diseases. It is greatly to be regretted that this gentleman's avocations precluded the possibility of his remaining a little longer under the treatment. Two months is but a short time for the perfect eradication of so obstinate and unmanageable a disease. Yet in this short time, when he returned to town, he had scarcely a spot left.

NO. V.—MR. FOSTER'S CASE.

This gentleman's was the worst case of psoriasis I ever saw. When he first consulted me, I found him literally covered from the crown of his head to his feet with large scaly patches, which were so irritable as to make

sleep, excepting for half an hour at a time, quite out of the question. Upon the arms, body, legs, and thighs, there were large patches, covered with scales as big as a crown piece, the interspaces between the large being filled up with smaller ones. Within two months he had not more than half-a-dozen spots left, and these not larger than sixpenny pieces, while his general health was most surprisingly improved. The following is the history of his case in his own words.

"I first discovered a spot on my left elbow, about October, 1843, which was followed by one on the left shoulder, and finding them increase I consulted a physician about the middle of December. He told me that he might give me relief, but that it was an obstinate case, and that I must not expect an early cure. In spite of the medicines prescribed, fresh spots soon appeared on the arms, thighs, and legs, followed by others on the head. I persevered with the medicines, occasionally seeing the physician, until May, when my general health was decidedly giving way, and I was advised to leave London for a while. At this time the irritation was extreme, causing sleepless nights and most

trying days. The spots were traversed by fissures, and the formation of scales on all the affected parts was very rapid—the scales falling off in considerable quantities by the bed-side every morning.

"Whilst in the country I suffered much from the harsh winds which prevailed, but my general health seemed restored, and I generally had much less irritation and consequently had tolerable nights. I took daily doses of dulcamara and arsenic, but the disease had spread too much to permit the use of the ointments I had previously used.

"After five weeks' absence I returned to London, little or no better as regarded the disease; but soon found that the virulence of the complaint was much increased by the confined, close air of the city, and in a short time the suffering became almost unbearable. On again consulting the physician, he said: "It is evident that the medicines have done you no good—you must endeavour to bear the irritation as you best may—the disease is not the least checked;" and, by implication at least, allowed me to understand that he had but little hope

that any medicine would give me permanent relief. I told him I had heard of a gentleman who had been cured of the same complaint (lepra vulgaris, or psoriasis, for the doctor said one seemed to run into the other) by the water system. He at once said, "Go and try it—in your case I think it can do no harm—and it may do good." Although previously disposed to laugh at this new-fangled system, my sufferings were too great to allow me to hesitate, and I at once went down to Stanstead Bury to consult Dr. Edward Johnson. He pronounced the disease to be psoriasis and not lepra, and gave me every hope of relief, if not cure. After a few days' treatment the irritation was very greatly subdued, I had excellent nights, my spirits were invigorated, and life seemed worth possessing.

"After following the treatment one month, my elbow and knee joints were nearly free from the hard scaly incrustation, my arms and legs were free from scales, the fissures had entirely disappeared, and the skin had assumed, almost entirely, its natural smoothness and softness—the afflicted parts retaining a deep red

colour. The scalp, however, was a direct exception, the scaly formation continuing to go forward accompanied with irritation; and in consequence Dr. J. wished the hair to be cut quite close. The disease continuing thus unchecked on the scalp, whilst evidently subdued on all the other parts, seemed to prove that change of air and a strict regimen were not of themselves the causes of the diminished virulence of the complaint; and this was strongly confirmed by the result, as, so soon as the immediate application of water was made to the scalp by the total removal of the hair, the head at once showed the beneficial effects, and was well, or nearly so, prior even to the arms and legs, where so marked an improvement had previously taken place.

"A few days after the hair was removed from the head, I was compelled to leave Stanstead Bury, and go to Ramsgate, where I followed the treatment recommended by Dr. Johnson, at the establishment of Mr. Courtney, Surgeon, R. N.

"After a month's stay at Ramsgate, I returned to London and my usual avocations, feeling that the complaint was so far mastered as to give

me every hope of getting quit of it altogether. Some small spots still linger, but in a very abated state, and the skin generally is assuming its natural colour and appearance, so much so as hardly to permit the seat of some of the worst parts to be traced; and it is with thankfulness (I hope proportioned to the sufferings I endured) that I wish, for the benefit of other similar sufferers, and the extension of so safe, simple, and efficacious a system, to make my case known."

This gentleman's address is, Erasmus Foster, Esq., Lombard Street Chambers, London.

I have since treated another case of psoriasis of 35 years standing. It occurred in the person of Mrs. Farrand, of Clare, in Suffolk, a member of the Society of Friends. The disease chiefly attacked the wrists, fingers, and legs. She did me the favour to call at Stanstead Bury House only a few weeks since, and there was not a speck of the disease then discoverable; and the other day I received from her the following letter.

Clare, Suffolk, 12th Mo. 8th, 1845.

Esteemed Friend,

In order to give thee a correct idea of my constitution, I may add that from infancy I was of a delicate habit, always tried with a cough; at the age of nine years, I had the measles very badly; and next the hooping cough, which continued through a severe winter, until the following summer. Although I was under medical care the whole time, for some years previous to my being eighteen years of age, I was in ill health, and thought to be consumptive; but after that period, I recruited, and was in a better state of health, until I met with some very afflicting circumstances, viz.—the sudden death of an affectionate parent, succeeded by a long affliction of my first husband, which ended in his death; and the loss of an infant daughter; both of whom were consigned to the same grave. Thus long affliction, and excessive fatigue, both of mind and body, brought on a bilious fever; this was in the autumn of 1809; the following spring of 1810, brought upon me the eruption I never was free from, until the spring of the present year; thus for 35 years I have been sorely afflicted with an eruption, and

the whole of the time, with unabated perseverance, have followed the advice of several of the most eminent medical practitioners of the times, with but little abatement of the disease. It is almost impossible to describe the various means I have tried—dieting, warm baths, vapour baths, Barege's medicated baths, as recommended by the celebrated Dr. Clarke of Dublin in his treatises, and every effort that could be devised, proved almost useless—until I underwent the cold water treatment at thy establishment, which has cured me of this long afflictive disease and asthma; and although now in my sixtieth year, I can bear fatigue better than at any period of my life; continuing the use of the cold water wash-down bath, about six o'clock every morning, and a good long brisk walk before breakfast, keeping to a plain diet as used at thy establishment, and taking no other drink than cold milk and water.

I think I told thee, that I was obliged to discontinue the washing of my legs and arms with soap and water, from the irritable suffering it caused, and used a spirit lotion, which I applied with a feather (it was alcohol diluted with soft water to the strength of proof spirit);

and after doing them well three or four times a day, covering them with old cambric handkerchiefs, to keep the stockings and sleeves from them. This I continued for three or four weeks, when the skin became sufficiently sound. I then used soft warm water only night and morning, sponging them well, and applying a little honey with a feather while wet all over, before wiping them dry. During the progress of this treatment, my legs and arms were swollen to twice their usual size, from a little above the knee to the toes ends; and the arms, from a little above the elbow, down to the fingers ends; and at every time of undoing the cambric wrappers, the flakes of skin, as large as my finger nails, literally covered my lap. After the swelling had subsided, and the skin was healing, I had several gatherings upon the ends of my fingers and toes; several gathered twice, and I lost two of my toe nails. I also had small festers at the tip of each ear, and about my lips and throat, which I conclude proved a crisis.

I trust the above will suffice to answer thy expectations of my promised account of my case, which I regret I have not forwarded to

thee ere this, my business engagements preventing.

With best respects to thyself and Mrs. Johnson, in which my husband unites, who is much improved in his health, I am most respectfully,

Thy obliged friend,

M. A. FARRAND.

NO. VII.—MR. GIBBS'S CASE.

Here is another case of skin disease of considerable standing, extending ever the entire body and limbs. I do not think there was a portion of skin on his body so large as a crown piece which was free from eruption; and in consequence of this disease he was obliged to leave his situation with Mr. Hannington, of Brighton, after having tried in vain all the ordinary medicines. A gentleman, Mr. Webb, who was then at my establishment at Stanstead Bury, happened to see him, and kindly brought him to my house for treatment. In one month he was perfectly well, and remains so up to the present moment.

Mr. Webb's address is, 23, Old Bond Street, London.

NO. VIII.—SERGEANT LORD'S CASE.

1st Dragoon Guards, Canterbury.

On the 3rd of June, 1844, Sergeant Lord went into the military hospital for rheumatism, and was confined to his bed there until the 16th of the following July, and was finally discharged from the hospital on the 23rd as convalescent. Within a week, however, the disease returned. The joints chiefly affected were the shoulders, the vertebræ at the back of the neck, and the knees. On the 23rd of August he was obliged to go into the hospital again, where he remained until the 4th of November, totally unable to attend to his regimental duties. He then obtained leave of absence and came to my establishment. At the end of six weeks, his leave of absence having expired, he was compelled to return to his regiment at Canterbury. He was not at this time *quite* well, but the military surgeon to the regiment was so much struck with his manifest improvement, that he most kindly and honourably sent him back to me immediately for another fortnight. That fortnight has expired to-day, and this morning he left my house—to

use his own expression—perfectly well. His address is—1st Dragoon Guards, Canterbury.

Before I sent Sergeant Lord's case to the printer's, I wrote to Captain Smales, (of the same regiment) to inquire after Lord's *present* state of health, to which I received the following reply.

Exeter, Dec. 8th, 1845.

My dear sir—In reply to your note of the 3rd instant, which I had the pleasure to receive, I am happy to inform you that Sergeant Lord *is in perfect health.* I happened only a few days prior to the receipt of your note to have been conversing with him, when he informed me that he felt perfectly strong and well, that he had not experienced any return of his complaint, nor had he been at all unwell, since he left your house. Trusting that "Stanstead Bury House" is prospering, and the establishment increasing, I remain,

My dear sir, yours faithfully,

THOS. SMALES.

1st Dragoon Guards.

P.S. I do not consider *myself* one of the worst specimens of the efficacy of hydropathy—

after twelve years' residence at Sierra Leone—the last year or two kept on my legs by calomel pills. It is now upwards of two years since I commenced hydropathy, during which time I have not required, nor taken, a grain of the simplest drug, and never during my life have I been in the enjoyment of such health as I have during that period; although when I began it I was what people facetiously termed, "on my last legs." Verily my pins were not worth much—I would walk now, for distance, with any man in the British army.

Yours, T. S.

NO. IX.—MASTER ROBINSON'S CASE.

ERYSIPELAS.

I shall make no comment on this case, but merely publish the letter which I received from Mr. Robinson, in which he relates the details of the treatment adopted, and its effects. Mr. Robinson's address is—J. J. Robinson, Esq., East Hoathly, near Hurst Green, Sussex.

East Hoathly, 20th September, 1844.

My dear sir—Agreeably to your request I forward you the particulars of my boy's case.

Monday—Face somewhat red, but in apparent good health.

Evening—Restless night.

Tuesday morning—Face very red and considerably swollen, so that he could not see out of his eyes, skin hot and dry, but little fever; I immediately put him in a wet sheet with two good blankets over for one hour and half—pulse tranquil, skin cool—he went to sleep in the sheet.

Evening—Pulse increased, skin hot and dry, the face very red, another wet sheet at bed time for one hour and quarter, rapid spunging, skin cool, pulse lowered, went to sleep afterwards, but a restless night.

Wednesday morning—Face and neck were swollen, rather more fever, but not much worse—did not like the responsibility—called in Mr. H.—a dose of cal. and rhu.—saline and sudorific mixture.

Wednesday evening—No better—a very restless night.

Thursday morning—Neck more swollen, wished to try the wet sheet, which I did at a pulse of 112 for one hour—pulse lowered

to 96, skin cool, rapid spunging, went to sleep in the sheet.

Evening—Could see a little, skin hot and dry, pulse 110—wet sheet, kept him awake—rapid spunging, skin cooler and pulse lowered—passed a better night.

Friday—Swelling subsiding—could see—skin still hot and dry—wet sheet one hour, and castor oil—pulse sunk, skin cooler, and on the whole better. A moisture on the skin in the afternoon, did not consider it necessary to use the sheet—a good night.

Saturday morning—Considerably better, skin moist, pulse a little quick—two teaspoonfuls of oil again, no more sheets—still in bed.

Sunday—Still improving—got up to dinner—good night.

Monday—Considered well—got up to breakfast with other children, and went our for the air.

Tuesday—Going on well.

Wednesday—Quite convalescent, except that the skin of the face and neck is a little rough.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. Robinson.

NO. X.—MISS PILKINGTON'S CASE.

No. 2, Milner Square, Islington, London.

Charlotte Elizabeth Pilkington, aged two and a half years, was attacked in the night of the 27th of July, 1843, with a violent and most distressing dysentery. I was called in the next morning, and placed her in the wet sheet for one hour. At three in the afternoon, I saw her again. The fever, which had previously been running high, had entirely left her, but the dysenteric symptoms still remained, urging her to stool about every ten minutes, but to no purpose. I sweated her profusely under blankets, then placed her in the cold bath for five minutes, and applied a wet bandage round the body covered with mackintosh. This treatment was repeated at night at half-past eight o'clock.

29th—There has been no urging to stool all night—slept well—bowels comfortably relieved this morning in a natural and healthy manner.

Repeat the treatment once more, and then desist altogether.

30th—The child it quite well.

During the continuance of the disease the child drank freely of cold water, and took no food.

NO. XI.—MR. ROE'S CASE.

On the 25th of January last, Mr. John Joseph Roe, brewer and maltster, Salisbury, came to Stanstead Bury House, and gave me the following account of himself.

"In January, 1844, (a year ago) I began to lose my health—became languid—complained of great want of activity, weariness in walking, loss of appetite, &c. In the beginning of July I was attacked with violent muscular pains over the region of the chest, stomach, and ribs. After three weeks the pains left these parts, and attacked the arms, from the elbows to the shoulders, seizing one arm first and then travelling over the blade-bones to the other. At this time I could not bear the pressure of an infant's finger on these parts, and I could only get into bed by crawling gently up the side, and when in bed had the greatest difficulty in turning; I could not dress or shave for nine weeks. In October I took a warm bath, at 96°

of Fah: at Weston Super-Mare, and in the evening of the same day the pains left the arms and shoulders and attacked the back part of the head, where it has remained ever since, in spite of every kind of treatment, and wholly incapacitates me for business."

This gentleman staid a month, I think, at Stanstead Bury House, during which time he got greatly better, but not well. The sudden illness of one or two members of his family then hurried him away. He continued his treatment, however, as well as he could at home, and I yesterday received from him the following note.

Salisbury, August 4th, 1845.

"Dear Doctor—I am happy to be able to say to you that I am now quite well. I still keep up the treatment, that of the wash down and a douching daily. You will excuse the liberty I have taken to write to you, but I thought you would be as much pleased to hear as I am to write, having received so much good under the treatment. You have done me a great service, for which I feel greatly indebted to you. You may make use of my case in

what manner you like; and I shall do all I can to recommend patients to your establishment.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN JOSEPH ROE."

NO. XII.—MRS. ACKLAM'S CASE.

This was a case of chronic rheumatism of the shoulder joint, of very long standing, which had almost entirely deprived the patient of the use of her arm on the side affected.

3, Edward's Place, Hull,
March 6th, 1845.

Dear sir—In answer to yours of the 28th ult., I beg leave to state that you have full liberty to publish my case, name, and address; and I hope that by doing so it will prove advantageous to yourself, and likewise be an inducement to any afflicted individual to try the good effects of cold water. You are already acquainted with the nature of my complaint, (chronic rheumatism and obesity) and I am most happy to inform you that since my return I have gradually improved, and am at present in *good health and strength,* I believe never in better, and can now dress and undress

myself. You will remember that when I came to Stanstead, I could not do either, and had not done it for nine months ; I have lost much of my superabundant fat, without losing strength, and prior to now, whenever I lost fat, strength went along with it. In fact, I am altogether another being, and am very sorry that my means will not allow me to take up my abode in an hydropathic establishment during my whole life. I follow out your recommendations, and on rising go into a bath similar to your shallow bath, and live on three meals daily, and can have the use of a small douche. In fact, I recommend all my friends to try the system, and am not only a walking, but a talking, advertisement.

Believe me, sir,

Yours truly,

M. Acklam.

The next case is that of a gentleman exceedingly well known in the political circles of Ireland—Joseph Hayes, Esq., of Cork. His case was one of a constitution shattered and broken up by excessive mental labour—great

feebleness of body—pallid countenance—total absence of all appetite—legs swollen and painful, &c. In March last I received from him, in answer to one from myself, the following letter.

NO. XIII.—MR. HAYES' CASE.

Cork, 4th March, 1845.

Dear Doctor Johnson,

Having heard some indistinct report that you had given up the establishment at Stanstead, and for many reasons grieving thereat, it has been most acceptable to me to learn, from such authority as your favour of the 28th ultimo, that you still preside over that fountain of life's purest enjoyment, health. It would be but a small return for the kind and healing services I received at your hands, to say that my objections, if I had any, to your using my name, address, and case, for any rational purpose, need not stand in the way of that use you would now make of them. But I will go further and tell you, that one of the consequences of "buffetting the waves of the political sea," to which you have alluded, has been to bring my sensibilities, in respect to the

press, to the character of the cuticle of the rhinoceros.*

It is unnecessary for me to say in what state I was when I first repaired to your establishment at Stanstead Bury. I may, however, repeat to you that for nearly two years previously I had been subject to frequently recurring attacks of pain and swellings in various parts, from my head to my feet—that for *one half of that time I had been confined to my bed-room*—that I had lost my appetite, and only slept under the influence of fatigue. During my first visit to Stanstead Bury, which continued about two months, I gradually experienced an improvement in my general health, a diminution of the swellings I had been subject to, and a departure of pains from every part, save the feet, and in them experiencing rather weakness than pain. When I went under your care, I could with difficulty walk round your garden, a distance we computed at less than one-seventh of a mile. When I left you, I could walk three and four miles of a stretch,

* This sentence is in reply to one in my letter to him wherein I desired him to have no hesitation in refusing my request to publish, &c., if it would be offensive to his feelings.

and within the day get over ten and twelve miles of ground. My appetite was more than restored, and I may have been safely backed at eating cold fat bacon against a ploughman. I left Stanstead Bury at Christmas, and continued, at home, the treatment you advised throughout the winter, visiting you again for six weeks in the spring; and I am happy to say that, under Providence, I am indebted to you for renovated and uninterrupted health to the present hour I live now under no restriction of diet. I partake of the fare, whatever it may be, furnished ordinarily in my family. The only restriction (but restriction it has ceased to be) which I practise is abstinence, all but total, from wine, spirits, or malt liquors.

I shall probably have the pleasure to see you in spring, to renew my lease or "tenant right" of health.

If any of my former acquaintances at your establishment be presently with you, be so good to make them my regards. I cannot wish them better than that they may receive as much benefit as I did at Stanstead Bury.

I remain, my dear Doctor Johnson,
Sincerely and truly yours,
Josh. Hayes.

The next case is an extremely remarkable and instructive one, and goes strongly to confirm certain new views which I take with regard to the true seat, causes, and nature of two diseases which may be said to constitute the great bane of the upper and middle classes of society in England—indigestion and constipation. Indeed it almost *demonstrates* their truth. What these views are I shall explain presently. The minuteness and accuracy with which Mr. Berdoe registered daily the effects of the treatment upon his complaint gives his case an additional value. When he addressed his first letter to me, seeking assistance, he had not, I believe, even heard of the water-cure; and when I urgently pressed him to give it a trial, he consented, I think, rather in compliment to me than from any hope of benefit therefrom.

NO. XIV.—MR. BERDOE'S CASE.

CONSTIPATION.

I believe the treatment for this disease to be, as nearly as possible, a certain remedy. I have treated a vast number of these cases with complete and permanent success—many of them of

twenty years' standing, and some even more than this. For, in addition to those who have undergone treatment expressly for this affection, most of those who took it for other disorders, were more or less troubled with constipated bowels also.

Before I went to Græfenberg, Mr. Walter Berdoe, tailor and waterproofer, 69, Cornhill, London, had been a patient of mine, as well as of many other medical men, for an obstinate constipation of twenty years' standing, which nothing could overcome. It was accompanied with the most distressing sensations in the head and bowels, making his life wretched, and business a burden. I lost sight of him for more than two years. Last March, however, I unexpectedly received from him the following letter, calling his case back to my remembrance, and begging of me to contrive for him some new form of aperient medicine.

Cornhill, March 31*st,* 1845.

My dear sir—I regret the necessity I feel for again troubling you, to seek some alleviation of my old complaint, viz., obstinate, habitual confinement of the bowels, for which you will

recollect I consulted you some time before you left London. I thought that as you was already acquainted with my case, it would save both your time, and my own, and more especially my inconvenience in leaving Cornhill in the middle of the day, adopting this mode of application, in lieu of personal attendance at the west end; the pecuniary part of the business there will be no difficulty in arranging.

But now for the symptoms; these are numerous and disagreeable enough, and consist in bilious sensations generally, as sick head-ache, vomitings, drowsiness and languor, bewilderment, exceeding distension and fulness of the bowels, tongue much furred on rising in the morning, (whitish); I have also recently had two attacks of *fainting;* in the last I became completely insensible, and felt exceedingly ill for the time.

Independently of the effects resulting from costiveness, I am perfectly well, and my appetite is good, and all my causes of complaint vanish under the effects of a complete evacuation of the bowels, and I feel in all respects another creature, both in body and mind; but what I above all things wish is, if possible, to

assist *nature to do her own work;* but for the time failing in this, to possess such means as will accomplish the regular discharge of the bowels artificially, with the view of ultimately being able to dispense with such aid.

I am sorry to say that I never have any regular evacuations, worthy the name, except as the result of *medicine,* and I find it very difficult to obtain such as will produce what I consider a complete evacuation of the *whole* of the intestines, the relief being only *partial,* and still leaving some portion of the intestines much loaded—I think the lower or larger ones.

I have tried aperients and remedies of all kinds, including calomel, rhubarb, colocynth, senna, &c. &c., as well as a variety of prescriptions for the same purpose, but although some have answered more or less well *for a time,* their good effects afterwards have either lessened or ceased. I have for a lengthened period also used the shower bath every morning (and this all through the late winter); I also drink a pint of cold water fresh from the pump the first thing on rising, and well rub with horse hair gloves my whole body, and am persuaded that

if I could only get my bowels to act properly, I should not only be quite well, but *very robust;* there is nowhere a more healthy spot than where I live, viz., Finchley Common; but the fact is, I believe my health generally, and appetite, are too good, for I am unable to rid myself of the refuse of the nourishment taken. On taking opening medicine, which I am compelled to do almost daily, I always find a considerable discharge of *slimy* matter like size, or dissolved glue, (ropy) and after preserving this I have found it produce countless thread worms. I forgot to mention that although formerly successful, I now find injections useless, either of simple warm or cold water, or various preparations.

What I experience at this time is, pain across the forehead, over the eyes, sickness, drowsiness, extreme fulness and distension of the bowels, and great heat of the fore part of the head. For some time past I have found my usual aperient medicines quite inefficacious; even five grains of calomel at night, and a strong infusion of senna and gentian, have produced only partial relief, and operated but once. What I have relied upon mostly latterly has

been what I believe are called Lady de Crespigny's dinner pills, consisting, I believe, principally of aloes, taking from three to four every day an hour before dinner: but these now seem like the rest to fail me; nor do I like aloes, fearing permanent ill effects from them.

What I want immediately is something to thoroughly empty and drain the bowels throughout their whole extent, and then some description of medicine to produce the natural action of the bowels, and to which I can at any time resort when I find it necessary, so that I may always have by me the means of relief by producing the necessary evacuation. I have tried long, all sorts of remedial means connected with diet, exercise, and well rubbing and punching the bowels; I have also taken daily large quantities of pure bran, and which for a time answered well, but has long since ceased to do so, so that I am now utterly at a loss to know what means to adopt to obtain even temporary relief. I also take a good deal of salt, fruit, vegetables, especially spinach, liquids, broth, &c., for supper, instead of solid food, but all in vain.

I have to apologize for troubling you with

this rambling list of my grievances, but thought it best to be explicit; but if you think it desirable that you should see me, I will attend at Burlington Street, or if you forward me a prescription, I will rigidly attend to it, and inform you of the result, and which I shall be most happy to find beneficial, as no one but such as have experienced it knows the misery and wretchedness of the consequences resulting entirely, as I believe, from costiveness, protracted and obstinate, as I suffer under.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours most respectfully and obliged,
WALTER BERDOE.

I refused to give him any more medicine; and, with much difficulty, succeeded in inducing him to try the new treatment. After a few weeks' trial, and moreover a very imperfect trial, at his own house, I received from him the following letter.

Cornhill, May 28th, 1845.

Dear sir—I much regret you should have had the unnecessary trouble of calling at Cornhill yesterday, without seeing me, but as you

had appointed the morning to see my daughter, I presumed that was the most convenient time, and the most likely for you to be at Cornhill yesterday; I therefore was there early purposely to be in time, and having an appointment at Hamstead, I waited until the last moment, and as I thought beyond the time when it would be at all probable to see you in the afternoon.

I am so satisfactorily progressing, that next week will, I think, do perfectly well to "report progress," which report I anticipate being fully as encouraging as the last, for so astonishingly and suddenly have my habits altered since I commenced your treatment, that missing a daily evacuation of the bowels has become the rare *exception* in lieu of the *constant rule* in my sad experience of not less than twenty years; and my general health, and more especially daily comfort, very greatly improved. Since, by your advice, I commenced the water treatment, (and this only to a very partial extent) I have not taken an atom of medicine, aperient or other, and which I had not previously omitted doing (from necessity) for the period above

stated, and with all which never scarcely felt really well, and generally quite the opposite.

I am only waiting the establishment of this, as it at present appears, perfect and remarkable cure, by means so simple, easy, and apparently inadequate to such a result, to write you (or sign any document written by yourself) a statement fully and explicitly recording my case, and I shall feel it both a *duty* and *pleasure* to give verbally, or otherwise, my evidence in favour of your system, which fools may ridicule, but which those who, like myself, have *tested,* will know how to appreciate.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours most respectfully,

WALTER BERDOE.

In June last I received the two following letters. The former part of the second is omitted, as merely having reference to a parcel which I had left behind at Mr. Berdoe's house a day or two before.

Cornhill, June 14*th,* 1845.

I think I may safely state in my own and my daughter's cases, the progress since we saw you

has been quite satisfactory; in reference to my own, I can only say that the effects appear like a dream; it appears scarcely possible, that after so many years of suffering and inconvenience, (which none can sympathize with but those who have experienced the same), can really be (apparently) so effectually overcome, and by such simple means. Hoping I may be able to promote such beneficial results in others, by a recommendation of the same means,

I remain, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

WALTER BERDOE.

Cornhill, Wednesday, June, 1845.

I was relieved most copiously and naturally to-day, this having been the case also for eight days out of the last nine; this I consider little less than miraculous, and produced by means apparently so small and simple compared with such results, after twenty years' use of aperient medicine, and with most uncertain and questionable success too.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours most respectfully and obliged,

WALTER BERDOE.

69, *Cornhill and Fortis Green, Finchley Common, August* 21*st*, 1845.

My dear sir—*One hundred* days having now elapsed since I partially commenced your treatment, I can no longer resist the inclination I have long felt to send you my written testimony of its truly successful, and to myself almost miraculous, result. I hesitated doing so *sooner*, wishing first to satisfy myself that such really astonishing effects from such apparently simple causes were likely to be *permanent ;* but of this I now feel satisfied.

Not of course for your information, but for the benefit of others who may have suffered from the same most annoying and, in its effects, miserable complaint—I beg to state that for at least twenty years I had experienced most obstinate and confirmed constipation, and was compelled regularly to depend upon aperient medicine to obtain any evacuation of the contents of the bowels ; and I can safely affirm that for at least ten years (of the twenty named) I *never* had a motion, except as the result of medicine, and which I was obliged to take regularly at least three times a week, and for a long period daily.

Those only who have suffered under the same complaint can form any estimate of what I have gone through, for years being never well, yet not sufficiently ill to be laid up, but for long periods rendered actually unfit properly, or at least comfortably, to discharge the duties and engagements devolving upon me, all such being burdensome and attended to as by compulsion.

Now for the results of the water treatment, (and this too only to a partial extent.) As above stated, I have tried it one hundred days, and on looking over my memoranda made daily, I find that during this period I have been *naturally* relieved, not having tasted an atom or drug of medicine of any kind during the whole period (viz. 100 days), eighty times; and as to the agreeable and most delightful change in my general health and spirits, and comfortable feeling, it is totally impossible to describe it, while my capacity for business, or indeed any engagement whatever, is as *opposite* as possible from what it formerly was, my head now being clear, cool, and comfortable; in fact, I am not like the same person as when under the influence of my disorder, for there is a vast

difference between being in comfortable health, (as I *now* am), and not being really *ill*, as was formerly my case, although far from being in health.

I find that in three weeks I have gained in weight between five and six lbs. and have totally lost that bilious, unhealthy appearance I before had. Bilious attacks I was *continually* subject to, but I now almost forget what they were. I do not think I need say more to prove the merits of the water treatment; *facts* speak for themselves, and I, like all others, did not try it until I had tried everything else, and all had failed, for it cannot be supposed that I could for twenty years endure all the wretched consequences of such a disorder without trying everything likely to afford relief; in short, I made this a regular study, and adopted everything, both as to medicine and diet, apparently holding out any prospect of relief, but all ultimately failed.

With this I send you the rough memoranda I kept daily since I commenced your treatment, detailing the effects thereof as they arose, and it will afford me at any time the most sincere pleasure to give my testimony, as far as I am

acquainted with such a truly valuable mode of cure for such a disorder as was recently mine, and if this letter is of any use in convincing the sceptical, or such as from *ignorance* of the treatment, or its effects, may be disposed to *ridicule* it, you are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you please of it, and all I can say is, having *tried* this mode of cure, and proved too that it *does* cure, "let them laugh who lose, those who (like myself) gain are sure to do so."

I remain, dear sir, ever grateful for your kind attention, and complete success in my case, yours most truly,

WALTER BERDOE.

I beg to add that the above is entirely my own *unsolicited* and *spontaneous* testimony, nor has Dr. Johnson any cognizance of such being intended by myself, but I felt it a duty to give it, both as an encouragement to him, and as a benefit to others, provided any use whatever should be made of it.

W. B.

Saturday morning—Took three ipecacuhana

pills: operated once Saturday evening, and once Sunday morning.

Sunday—No indisposition—felt well.

Monday—No motion, but no unpleasant symptoms.

Tuesday—No motion, but felt well, and no uncomfortable sensations.

Commenced Dr. Johnson's treatment, observed no particular effects, but continued well throughout the day.

Wednesday—No motion, no uncomfortable feelings, except what result from the wet bandage, but these last more than enough.

Thursday—On awaking had bilious headache, not very bad; mouth very dry and parched—no evacuation or effects from bandage, &c., different from yesterday—six o'clock a small evacuation, not lumpy—bilious sensations entirely removed—head feels cool and clear—greater warmth under bandage, but still far from pleasant.

Friday—Dry mouth on awaking—an appearance of small red spots under bandage—a sense of drowsiness and distension in afternoon—itching towards evening, and on removing bandage, partial eruption of small pimples.

Saturday—Dry and furred mouth—much greater inclination to sleep than to get up—the eruption considerably lessened in appearance. Middle of day felt well, and some symptoms of an evacuation. Six o'clock another motion, (the second) somewhat larger than the other and less dry, but apparently very much more left behind—feel quite well and comfortable, except effects of bandage. A sense of giddiness, deafness, and swimming in head after bathing it.

Sunday—Much annoyed by itching of the eruption, which covered the part under the bandage—not very well during the day, very dull and heavy.

Monday—Restless during the night, mouth very dry in morning, and soon after much furred—head-ache, and considerable bilious feelings—the eruption less tormenting than yesterday. Afternoon much itching and heat, skin generally very dry and rough—symptoms of a bad cold—head-ache somewhat better—much distension under bandage—better at night.

Tuesday—Altogether better this morning—mouth not dry, only slightly furred—not heavy

to sleep—symptoms of an approaching evacuation (8 o'clock)—half past 9 a most comfortable evacuation of bowels, more in quantity than either of the two preceding, feel quite well, less heat under bandage, and at present no itching.

Wednesday—No motion to-day—head rather hot and confused—also considerable drowsiness.

Thursday—Considerable discharge under bandage, smarting and soreness, also very hot; twelve o'clock a copious motion, at first very hard like a stone, and voided with pain, afterwards soft—latterly considerable thirst; the smarting increases, feels as if the skin was off, and the bandage sticking to the part.

Friday—Well this morning, but smarting, &c., under bandage continues—appeared much inflamed last night, not an eruption of pimples, but in large blotches, covering nearly the entire space, exceedingly tender as if skin would peel off—a good deal of offensive discharge, apparently of a glutinous nature—skin as if varnished.

Saturday—On removing bandage this morning, found it a good deal stained with blue, (in blotches); twelve o'clock another motion, one

hard lump only of considerable size, voided with much difficulty and pain.

Sunday—Found bandage this morning considerably more stained with blue, but deeper colour, and at night changed from blue to lead colour; bowels to-day much distended, and left side with solid matter (not wind)—much smarting, heat, and pain, under bandage to-day—skin excessively tender, and appeared as if about peeling off or cracking—obliged to leave off bandage at night in consequence—replaced it in the morning.

Monday—No motion since Saturday—pain under bandage subsided, but a good deal distended—no ailments to note to-day, but considerable drowsiness after dinner and distension increased—also heat and itching—heat very great—on removing bandage yesterday afternoon, heat, itching, and smell excessive.

Tuesday—A motion at nine this morning, hard and dry, but less so than frequently; not so small in quantity as last, still very sore, and tender under bandage—mouth very dry on awaking—much distension and drowsiness in afternoon.

Wednesday—Left off bandage, until skin is

healed—took douche bath this morning, and felt much benefit from it—nine o'clock a most natural and copious motion, followed by most agreeable and healthful sensations—quite well all day, no drowsiness or distension throughout the day, spirits buoyant, head cool and clear, much more comfortable state than yesterday, appetite also increased—banished use of any but *brown* bread, or anything for supper than "brown pudding" and broth.

Thursday—Quite well again this morning—another very natural and copious motion—took douche bath morning and night.

Friday—Another motion this morning, natural and tolerably copious—bilious symptoms on awaking, and continued afterwards—sick head-ache and drowsiness—head also hot, but not very much amiss.

Saturday—Perfectly well this morning, wake ful, and free from all bilious symptoms—last night commenced with wet sheet, after head, and then took douche bath—recommenced regular wear of bandage—one o'clock another evacuation—very well, but not equally so with some recently.

Sunday—No motion to-day, but perfectly

well—took head bath, douche, &c., and sheet, morning—evening, head and sheet.

Monday—Motion this morning, and quite well—no disinclination to rise *early*—head and sheet to-day, and bandage at night.

Tuesday—Quite wakeful and well this morning—took head and sheet bath, and again relieved at usual time (about nine.)

Wednesday, June 4th—Motion to-day, morning and afternoon, the former small and hard, the latter more copious and natural—health good.

Thursday—Motion this morning, hard, slimy, and costive, not at all unwell.

Friday—Motion to-day, moderate—feel well.

Saturday—Another moderate motion—pretty well—drowsy, and head rather confused and hot.

Sunday—Used sitz bath this morning, after sheet bath, bowels slightly relieved after. Afternoon, laid for one and half hour in wet sheet and mackintosh over—produced great heat and evaporation, and felt exceedingly comfortable after—on removing sheet, &c., took cold bath—well all day.

Monday—A good natural motion this morn-

ing, and well in health—head clear and cool, and very comfortable—glowing sensations, skin more moist and warmer than usual, the circulation appears more general and external.

Tuesday—A middling motion to-day, but not very well.

Wednesday, June 11*th*—No motion to-day—head confused and recollection bad, drowsy—much benefit from bathing head last night and this morning—pretty well to-day.

Thursday—Moderate motion—pretty well in health.

Friday—No motion, but no indisposition in consequence.

Saturday—A very good motion, and quite well in health.

Sunday—Took sitz bath, in addition to sheet and head ditto, but no motion—pretty well, but very languid, &c. (query, result of heat, &c.)

Monday—A good motion to-day, and quite well.

Tuesday—Motion to-day—feel well.

Wednesday, June 18*th*—Motion this morning—health good.

Thursday—As above.

Friday—Ditto.

Saturday—Ditto—a good deal of drowsiness after dinner.

Sunday—No motion, laid in sheet three hours, sitz bath at eleven for half an hour—health, &c., good.

Monday—Motion this morning, hard and lumpy, not so natural and copious as *Mondays* usually—health good, but very drowsy, &c., after dinner.

Tuesday—Motion—health good.

Wednesday, June 25th—As above.

Thursday—As ditto.

Friday—No motion to-day—(query, result of public dinner yesterday)—feel well.

Saturday——Motion this morning—health, &c., very good.

Sunday—No motion to-day—took wet sheet three and half hours, sitz bath and shower ditto—quite well.

Monday—An excellent motion this morning, (not optional as is commonly the case)—health perfectly good, but drowsy after dinner.

Tuesday—No motion to-day—health pretty good.

Wednesday, July 2nd—A good motion early this morning—took sitz bath last night and this

morning, (in addition to sheet and shower ditto) —not well to-day, appear to have bad cold—exceedingly sore under bandage, (and very red) not able to wear it except during night—shall not be able to continue that.

Thursday—Another good motion this morning—laid in wet sheet two and half hours—took head bath and shower ditto, reeking and steaming instantly on quitting sheet, and never felt such pleasant and beneficial results from any previous mode—perfectly well and comfortable to-day, whole person in a most agreeable glow and comfortable state—head cool, clear, and composed.

Friday—Motion this morning—some discharge of blood, laid in sheet two hours, sitz bath twenty minutes, head bath and shower ditto—well to-day, but not such pleasure and exhilaration as yesterday—three o'clock another natural motion.

Saturday—No motion to-day, but perfectly well.

Sunday, (Ramsgate)—A most excellent motion, and as well as I can desire to be.

Monday—Ditto.

Tuesday—No motion, but quite well.

Tuesday, (on water)—A motion to-day, and quite well.

Wednesday, July 9th, (Cornhill)—Another motion this morning—health perfectly good.

Thursday—Motion this morning, dry, lumpy, and somewhat scanty—health good.

Friday—A good and copious motion early this morning, but health not quite so good as latterly—appetite less—three o'clock, a second motion—drowsy.

Saturday—Motion this morning, and quite well.

Sunday, (at Ramsgate)—A most copious evacuation of the bowels to-day—perfectly well in health.

Monday—No motion, but no inconvenience therefrom.

Tuesday—No motion, but equally well as yesterday, except squeamishness from sea sickness, which soon went off.

Wednesday, July 16th—A motion this morning, and quite well.

Thursday—A most excellent motion early this morning, natural and copious—quite well—gained about 4lbs. in eleven days.

Friday—A motion to-day—health good.

Saturday—The same.

Sunday and Monday, (child ill)—No motions either day, but not unwell; (query, anxiety on account of child the cause.)

Tuesday—No motion until five o'clock, (the third day); health good.

Wednesday, July 23rd—Motion this morning; health as above.

Under bandage, now generally covered with something of the appearance of paste, or grease, which may be scraped off with the nails or knife, &c.

Thursday—A motion this afternoon (small); feel pretty well to-day; appetite indifferent; sense of sinking at the stomach.

Friday—A motion this morning, similar to yesterday; not so well as usual to-day; head hot, sinking sensation at stomach; little appetite.

Saturday—An excellent and copious motion early this morning; health quite good.

Sunday—A good motion also to-day; health ditto.

Monday—Another excellent motion early this morning; health ditto.

Tuesday—No motion to-day, but health good.

Wednesday—An excellent and copious motion to-day, and perfectly well.

Thursday—No motion to-day, and not quite so well as recently.

Friday, August 1*st*—A small motion to-day, hard and lumpy, but quite well in health.

Saturday—A good motion early this morning, and ditto.

Sunday—Ditto and ditto

Monday—Ditto and ditto.

Tuesday—No motion to-day; not very well: query, effect of sea sickness?

Wednesday—A very copious motion early and another at twelve o'clock; far from well to-day, appear to have a cold and bilious symptoms; a third motion in the evening, and five or six during the night (slimy.)

Thursday—A slimy watery motion early this morning; not at all well to-day; considerable bilious feelings, head hot, pain over eyes, and very drowsy; mouth very much coated, on awaking, for some days; another similar motion in evening.

Friday—A good motion early, apparently

from the smaller bowels, (highly offensive) all traces of indisposition gone, perfectly well and comfortable to-day.

Saturday—Another good motion; as well as yesterday.

Sunday, (Ramsgate)—No motion to-day; quite well.

Monday—A most copious motion, and quite well.

Tuesday—No motion, but quite well.

Wednesday—No motion; as well as yesterday.

Thursday—A fair motion this morning.

Friday—A very copious and natural motion this morning—(quite well.)—100 days—diary continued.

Saturday—A good motion this morning, but not *quite* so well as lately.

Sunday—A good motion, and perfectly well.

Monday—No motion, but quite well.

Tuesday—A small motion this morning, pretty well in health, skin very dry and rough; four o'clock another motion, (better.)

From July 6th to July 27th, gained in weight $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; from July 27th to August 14th, lost $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; during past week, gained 1 lb.

Wednesday—Motion this morning; health pretty good; the evacuations last few days less copious and more of *costive* kind than recently.

Thursday, August 21st—A good motion this morning—quite well to-day; continue use of bandage at *night only*, eruption ceased; also the former very offensive smell arising from ditto.

August 21st, 1845—Transmitted to Dr. Johnson my memorandum for 100 days' trial of treatment, during which I had 80 *natural* motions, without medicine.

Friday, August 22nd—A good natural evacuation this morning, and health perfectly good.

Saturday—The same.

Sunday—Tried effect of turpentine injection; not noticed any particular result therefrom (as to existence of worms)—a good evacuation.

Monday—Motion, and well.

Tuesday—The same; evening, a second motion.

Wednesday—The same—exceedingly well.

Thursday—As yesterday.

Friday—A good evacuation, but not so well in health as latterly; considerable distension, drowsiness, &c.

Saturday—A good motion early; quite well.

Sunday—No motion; well.

Monday—A good evacuation; not quite well.

Tuesday—A middling evacuation; health as yesterday.

Wednesday—A good motion early; quite well to-day.

Thursday—An evacuation; health good.

Friday—No motion; health good.

Saturday—A copious natural motion, early; not very well in health.

Sunday—A good evacuation; quite well.

Monday—Ditto.

Tuesday—A good evacuation; quite well.

Wednesday—A small motion; pretty well in health.

Thursday—A moderate motion; not very well.

Friday and Saturday—As above.

Sunday—A good motion, and quite well.

Monday—A good motion; pretty well.

Tuesday—A good motion; quite well.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—motion each day, and health tolerably good.

Saturday—No motion; health good.

Sunday—A good motion, and health good.

(Compelled by circumstances to discontinue diary.)

Diary resumed Monday, September 22nd—A small slimy motion, not very well, losing weight last three weeks, (1½lb. last week) appetite small, not nearly so good as some weeks since.

Tuesday—A copious motion, not quite well, head hot and confused (as *formerly*.)

Wednesday—A small motion; health good.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—Motions each day, and very well in health, particularly on Saturday—in *glowing* health.

I have received a letter from Mr. Berdoe this morning (December 11th); he still continues to enjoy perfect health.

Mr. Berdoe's case alone is sufficient to stamp a value on the hydropathic treatment of no ordinary amount.

NO. XV.—MRS. HEYS' CASE.

37, Red Lion Square, London.

This was a case of sprained ankle. The first time I saw her she was in bed, to which she

had been confined for six weeks. All the ordinary treatment for a severe sprain had been tried. The joint had been repeatedly leeched and blistered—several kinds of embrocations, lotions and liniments had been used, and quantities of internal cooling medicines exhibited. All medical men are aware how difficult it sometimes is to cure a severe sprain of the ankle joint, especially in heavy persons, as was remarkably the case in this instance. The fault, therefore, was *not* in the medical man who attended her, but in the system which, in obedience to universal custom, he pursued. The case had now become chronic, and the patient could not put her foot to the ground. She was conveyed in a carriage to Stanstead Bury house, and within (I think) two months, her ankle was perfectly sound, and remains so to the present moment.

This lady afterwards became the subject of sciatica, of which she was completely cured at Stanstead Bury house.

The next case which I shall mention is one of considerable interest, as showing that this

treatment may, with great caution and considerable modification, be made applicable to cases in which, without such modification and caution, it would be totally inadmissible—and that thus it may be made to afford a great and valuable amount of relief in diseases which are, in their very nature, not susceptible of a perfect cure by *any* treatment. In the case I refer to there was great emaciation, extreme feebleness, difficulty of breathing, weak digestion, torpid liver and bowels, and—*hypertrophy of the heart.* I shall do no more than merely copy a letter which I received from this patient a short while since.

NO. XVI.—CASE OF E. S. CALEY, ESQ., M.P. FOR THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

Wydale, (*Sept.* 17*th*, 1845)
Brompton Pickering, Yorkshire.

My dear Sir,

I should before have acknowledged your kindness in sending me your circular, but country occupations and more letters to write than I can well afford time for, must plead my excuse. In all that you say in your circular I firmly believe, and it is so clearly and candidly

put, that others who may require relief from the illnesses you allude to, and who are unable to obtain it from the ordinary and orthodox channels of advice, will I trust be persuaded by it to attach the same credit to the water system, as administered by you, as from experience I am bound myself to do. It is now, I think, about a year since I wrote to you a report of how I was going on; a year and three months since I was with you at Stanstead Bury; and certainly if health be the greatest physical blessing of life, and comparative health the next to it, I have reason to look upon you as my greatest worldly benefactor. The system, as you cautiously applied it to my case, I have ever since pursued, intermitting it however at intervals, and again recurring to it as my symptoms required, and always with the same benefit. In winter indeed I almost entirely intermitted having recourse to it, partly from being a little nervous in applying it at that cold season when not under your immediate eye, and partly because the strength which pursuing the system enabled me to lay up in the summer and autumn, rendered it unnecessary. All this summer and spring again recurring to it, it has

produced the same good results it did before. Every one says, as far as present appearances go, that I bid fair to meet the winter with a better stock of strength than I have ever done since my illness began six years ago. I cannot say that I am well: you agreed with all my other medical advisers that perfect health was what I had no right to expect, but your judicious application of your system to my case, as you will remember, one of combined disorder of the heart, liver and stomach, (the former slightly hypertrophied) has enabled me ever since I was with you to enjoy life almost as much as I ever did; not to enter again upon scenes of turbulent activity, mental or bodily—but to enjoy with great zest those pleasures which many seek from choice, (I now from choice and necessity joined) of peaceful tranquillity, with which a country life is surrounded. I need not enter into particulars, except to say that my skin must be forty degrees cooler than the burning one you may recollect, and that my pulse from 106 to 110 has fallen on an average to 78 to 84, and that I can walk three times as far. Grateful to you, as well I may be, for so happy a result, and wishing all others who suffer in

those cases I have more or less seen under your successful care, viz. rheumatism, nervous debility, and disease of the stomach, bowels and liver, especially indigestion, would give both you and themselves the benefit of their presence at Stanstead Bury, I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful and truly obliged servant,

E. S. Caley.

I took your advice and altogether avoided attendance on parliament this year, and with so good effect that it almost tempts me to play truant again.

Note—in a subsequent letter Mr. Caley tells me he has gained one stone and half in weight.

NO. XVII.—MR. NETTLEINGHAM'S CASE.

Mr. Nettleingham, Junr., of Gravesend, had what is called, determination of blood to the head. He had been bled, blistered, leeched, cupped, purged, &c. &c., over and over again. The affection of the head only became worse. He was a fine, tall, strong, young man, about twenty-four years of age. Yet his head affection totally incapacitated him either for business or pleasure. His life was rendered perfectly

miserable and useless both to himself and others. He drank nothing but water, yet he constantly felt as though he had been very tipsy the night before. His head throbbed, and felt giddy, confused, and stupid, and he was incapable either of writing or reading. I treated him for three months at my house at Stanstead Bury, at the end of which time he was perfectly well, and remains so up to the present moment.

This was a case in which I also gave quinine, towards the end of his stay with me, with most manifest advantage. I am quite certain that I shortened the period of his stay with me at least one month by virtue of the quinine—a drug which his head could not possibly have borne before he took the hydropathic treatment.

NO. XVIII.—MRS. HICKS'S CASE.

Mrs. Hicks, one of the Society of Friends, of Great Bardfield, Essex, came under my care, at Sanstead Bury house, for a swollen leg. It was very painful and much swollen from the knee to the toes, and had resisted all the ordi-

nary remedies. At the end of one month she went home perfectly well.

NO. XIX.—LIEUT. COL. B——'S CASE.

November 10*th*, 1845.

Dear Sir,

You may probably have been expecting to hear from me before this, of the effects of the douche, but I did not think it right to speak of the results of its application till I was enabled by complete rest to give it a fair trial, which has only been within the last fortnight, since for some time after I had the pleasure of seeing you in Herts, incessant and rapid railroad journeys prevented me from either continuing it regularly, or being able to test it as it deserved. I am thankful, however, in being now enabled to add, that it has, under God's mercy, been the means of *entirely removing* the very disagreeable sensations under which I was labouring, so much so that I am now restored to my usual habits of active, or even violent exercise, without experiencing any unpleasant effects, and am enabled to use my pen or enter

upon any extent of mental exertion as before. And in consequence, I have gradually discontinued, and have now entirely left off, either using the douche, or taking quinine.

I may further add that a slight return of constipation, which may perhaps be attributable to the effects of the latter, has again yielded to the application of the wet bandage (which I am still wearing), without having recourse to medicine.

Having now, in the course of the last two years, had an opportunity of testing the effects of the water treatment under three different affections—*acute rheumatism* or *lumbago*, *obstinate constipation*, and—what shall I call it?—an *affection of the cerebral nerves*—I should be wanting both in justice and common gratitude, if I did not assert my readiness to bear my testimony to its powerful agency, and endeavour to dissipate the prejudices by which it may still be beset, in any way which may be deemed useful or desirable for that object.

I remain, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

G. B., Lieut. Colonel.

Now here are nineteen cases, whose fair and honest authenticity cannot, with any show of reason or justice, be denied or doubted. If the number and variety were greater, that circumstance would prove a *greater* and *more extended* remedial power in the treatment; but nineteen thousand could not more certainly prove that it does possess a certain amount of remedial efficacy than is proved by these nineteen. Here, then, again recurs the question: What are those *particular* diseased conditions over which this mode of cure possesses the most influence? It must be remembered, too, that these nineteen cases are *not*, all of them, the best specimens of those which I have cured. I have not been allowed to pick and chose my cases for publication. I could only publish those which I could procure *permission* to publish. It must also never be forgotten that nearly all the cases which come under this peculiar treatment are of the oldest and most obstinate kind, and cases which had already proved themselves to be incurable by any other known means—and, moreover, that not one person in twenty will give the treatment *sufficient time* to produce its full effects.

What then are the diseases to which it is chiefly applicable? I have tried it in Epilepsy, Paralysis, Tic Douloureux, and Mania, and failed in every instance. I have had presented to me cases of psoas abscess, white swelling, spitting of blood, tubercular disease of the liver, gall stones, scirrhous tumour, valvular disease of the heart, thoracic adhesions, water in the brain, permanent distortion of the limbs from spinal disease, wasting of the lower extremities from the same cause, and many other cases involving a permanent and incurable disorganization, all of which I have refused to submit to this treatment, as not affording even the promise of success. But I have treated and cured simple palpitation of the heart from nervous weakness and excessive irritability. Some cases of Hysteria I have cured—in others I have failed. It is common to say that this mode cannot succeed in organic lesions. This is not true; for the contrary is demonstrated by Mrs. Coulter's case, and every surgeon knows too well that it is constantly happening that organic lesions only fail to get well from want of power in the system to heal the lesion. In these cases they give bark and wine, and bitter decoctions and

infusions—occasionally with success—but more frequently either these tonics cannot be borne, or they prove ineffectual for want of a *sufficient amount* of tonic power. Thus I have cured by this treatment chronic abscesses, and old indolent ulcers; and I have known three cases of fistula cured by the same means. All these are clearly cases of organic disease. But in this, as in every other disease, it is (confessedly) nature herself who performs the cure—all that the drug-treatment, or any other remedial measure can do, is to clear away obstruction, remove morbid causes, and give tone and power to the general system. The inherent conservative energies of the machine itself effect the rest. It is the vain and mischievous attempt to do *more than this* which constitutes the crying sin of the old treatment.

I have cured some cases of hysteria, habitual spasms of the stomach and bowels, chronic rheumatism, rheumatism of the head, psoriasis and other skin diseases, indigestion, and many painful affections depending on obscure causes.

I have had several gentleman from India with constitutions much injured by a long residence in a hot climate, and the too plentiful

use of mercury. Over cases of this kind I have found the treatment invariably to exercise a most marked and beneficial influence.

I have now in my house the worst case of syphilitic rupia I ever saw, and it is getting well with great rapidity. I have also in my house another case of psoriasis—psoriasis gyrata. The disease occupies the whole body—both trunk and limbs—and is improving fast, although it has only been under my treatment one month.

I have used it with great success in nervous debility, in lumbago, in disease of the knee joint, in periodical bilious attacks, in both suppression and retention of the monthly secretion, in erysipelas, in some scrofulous affections, in eruptions on the legs, in ecthyma (a skin disease), in several nervous disorders, in various affections of the head, and in a great variety of anomalous diseases which cannot be reduced to any class, and which defy all nomenclature. I have also cured sciatica depending on inflammation of the sheath of the sciatic nerve; and for habitual constipation, and all ordinary forms of rheumatism, I have found it as nearly a specific as any human remedy can ever hope to be.

I have had several children under my care at

Stanstead Bury house. And I have found this treatment of infinite advantage in strengthening the constitution of delicate children with a scrofulous tendency; and of young persons in whom consumption is apprehended, but in whom it has not yet developed itself. I have the deepest and most conscientious conviction that many thousands of lives might be saved from the ravages of this fatal disorder by a timely submission, for a few months, to this method of improving, consolidating, and hardening the system. Two or three cases of this latter kind I have successfully treated.

I have used this method of cure in certain cases absolutely requiring the use of mercury. It is an absurd prejudice to suppose that the employment of mercury is incompatible with the use of cold water. On the contrary, it is of great advantage; for one tenth part of the mercury which would otherwise be necessary to make the gums tender, will be fully sufficient to effect this object under the plentiful use of cold bathing—and this is indeed a great advantage. Medical men, time out of mind, have been in the habit of cautioning their patients, when taking mercury, against exposing them-

selves to the influenee of cold air, *lest it should make their mouths sore.* But when the great object *is* " to make the mouth sore," the more they are exposed to the influence of cold the better—whether it be cold air or cold water, or both—for the sooner the mouth is sore, the less quantity of mercury will be required to make it sore. That cold increases the influence of mercury is also proved by the well-known fact that ten times more mercury is necessary to affect the system in hot climates than in cold ones.

In all those diseases, therefore, in which mercury, (as mercury) is necessary, a very much smaller quantity will suffice if the patient be submitted to the hydropathic treatment while taking it. And, let me add, that its injurious effects upon the system will be very greatly diminished—not merely by the diminished quantity of the drug, but by virtue of the invigorating influence of the treatment, which enables the inherent powers of the body so much more readily to repair the mischief inflicted. By these means that shattered and enfeebled condition of the health so frequently (nay, almost always) consequent upon a course of mercury, may be almost wholly avoided.

The treatment is, as I have before said, a tonic —a *natural* tonic. It is also an alterative, seeing that it promotes and restores all the secretions and excretions, especially those of the skin, liver, uterus, and bowels, and thus cleanses the system. It allays nervous and painful irritation and morbid sensibility, and lessens excitement, as is proved by Mr. Peet's case— and is therefore an anodyne. It is perfectly compatible with any kind of medicine which any particular case may demand. It is much *more* than this—for I say, and I say it hardily, and in the most *unqualified language,* that if there be any drug which possesses a curative influence over any disease, the curative influence of that drug over that disease will be increased a hundred-fold if its use be conjoined with this treatment. All my experience proves this—but my experience is *not necessary* to prove it—at least not to medical men. For, as we have seen, the treatment allays fever and nervous irritability, improves digestion, and keeps all the secretions in a healthy state of activity—and so important is this that, in order to effect these objects, medical men are constantly obliged to give their patients several

other drugs, as calomel, potash, and various aperient medicines, *in addition* to the *particular* drug which is to cure the *particular* disease for which it is administered. Thus, if a patient apply to his physician for psoriasis, that physician will probably give him arsenic for that disease. But, in addition to the arsenic, he will also be sure to order him sundry doses of blue pill, extract of colocynth, &c. &c. to be taken occasionally, or every other night, in order to *keep his secretions going*—especially those of the liver and bowels—for the secretion from the skin is generally quite overlooked. Let any man look over his file of prescriptions, and he will scarcely find one which is not double—which does not contain, in addition to the principal medicine, a little prescription (generally at the bottom of the paper) for some aperient pill or draught, or both, for the purpose of acting on the secretions of the liver and bowels. Now these additional and collateral drugs, (which, though necessary under the old treatment, do infinite mischief in the long run) are never required under the hydropathic method, which keeps the nervous system calm, the digestion active, and the secretions in the most

healthy condition—thus giving to any particular drug which may be thought necessary for any particular disease, the fairest possible chance of exhibiting whatever remedial efficacy it may possess. I have repeatedly—over and over again—cured diseases by the very same drugs which had before been given in vain—by submitting the patients to the hydropathic treatment while taking them. The influence of steel, and balsam of copaiba, for instance, is thus (in the diseases for which they are given) wonderfully increased, while their ill effects upon the constitution are very greatly lessened.

Whenever, therefore, any particular drug is absolutely necessary, the hydropathic treatment is not only quite compatible with its exhibition, but, in a very eminent degree, *adds* to its remedial powers.

In the majority of cases to which this treatment is applicable, however, all drugs are *unnecessary*, especially aperient and mercurial drugs. But yet there are *some* in which medicines may be given with advantage, especially quinine—and those who could never bear quinine before will generally be found to bear

it very well while under the influence of this treatment, for reasons already explained.

Seeing, then, that the hydropathic treatment is, in its nature, tonic, alterative, and anodyne —and that it is all these my experience has amply satisfied me—to what particular class of disorders are we warranted in believing it applicable, in addition to those particular instances of disease, its power of curing which my own practice has already demonstrated? My opinion, founded not upon any speculative views, but solely on what I have observed of its effects, and upon a multitude of corroborative little facts which are every now and then disclosing themselves—my opinion is, I say, that it is capable of curing all that class of diseased conditions (and it is a very large one) in which the one thing needful is to restore the secretions and give power to the system—all that class of diseases depending on nervous debility and irritability arising from an over-excited or over-tasked brain—all disorders depending upon an impure condition of the blood—all diseases depending upon congestion of blood—all functional diseases not depending upon disorganization or mechanical local irrita-

tion—all local diseases which are kept up by a want of sufficient power in the general system to heal the lesion or restore the healthy functions of the part. In constipation, indigestion, chronic rheumatism, many skin diseases, indolent ulcers, nervous debility, torpid liver, bilious habit, habitual spasms, many forms of head-ache, determination of blood to the head, suppression or retention of the monthly secretion, chlorosis, many painful affections of nerves, I believe it to be, by far, the most certain remedy yet discovered, and that in some of these, as rheumatism, constipation, some forms of indigestion, spasms, torpid liver, &c. it is almost a specific. When it is possible to give up twelve or eighteen months to the prosecution of this treatment, and where there is no distortion of joints, I believe it is quite capable of curing the gout, *completely and permanently*.

In addition to all these, I am firmly and deeply convinced that there are many diseases which cannot be cured by this treatment alone, nor by the drug treatment alone, but which *can* be cured by the two combined.

Another result of my experience at Stanstead Bury House is this—that the remedial influence

of diet, though acknowledged to be great, is neither sufficiently appreciated nor understood —and that, in some cases, attention to diet is of the very highest importance. I believe that there are cases for the cure of which a full animal diet is *essential,* and others which cannot be cured by *any* treatment without a strict observation of a very restricted *vegetable* diet— and that, therefore, an intimate acquaintance with the nature of different diseases, and with the physiology of animal life, are absolutely necessary to safe and discriminate practice.

The hydropathic treatment has this peculiar and great advantage over the drug-treatment, viz. that when it fails to cure the particular disease for which it is administered, it *never* fails to leave the general health and strength more or less *improved;* whereas drugs, under like circumstances, never fail to leave the general health *worse* than they found it.

I believe that it is, like most other modes of treatment, perfectly *safe* in the hands of those whose education has taught them how to discriminate between various kinds of diseases, and their causes, and how to measure the vital strength and capabilities of various constitutions

and temperaments—but that it is *unsafe* in the hands of those who use it as a nostrum, applying it to all cases indiscriminately, from their inability to distinguish those disorders to which it is applicable from those to which it is *not*.

I believe that the large drinking of cold water is never *necessary*, and sometimes highly injurious, diminishing the healthy temperature of the stomach, weakening its lining membrane, hurtfully distending the capillary blood-vessels of the stomach, liver, brain, and lungs, and distressing the kidneys, and all this for no earthly object that I can understand.

I believe that this treatment, when rationally practised by educated medical men, is a perfectly *intelligible* treatment (which the drug-treatment does not even pretend to be), opposed indeed to common prejudice, but in strict accordance with common sense and medical science; and that it only becomes quackery, just as the practice of medicine becomes quackery, viz. in the hands of the ignorant, who push it to an absurd extent, and claim for it a miraculous amount of efficacy to which nothing human can be justly entitled. Nor do I believe it *possible* for medical men to doubt its *efficacy*,

although they may differ as to its amount or degree. Nor do I believe that the great body of medical men are really opposed to its *use*—but only to its *abuse*. On the contrary, I believe that they need only to see it divested of all its German mysticism, and to feel assured that it will be practised in a rational and professional manner, to induce them to recognise and recommend it in all that multitude of chronic ailments for which they are now accustomed to send the sufferers to all sorts of English and foreign watering places, where the most that can be expected is a little temporary alleviation. I am as certain as I can be of anything, that a great number of these might be permanently cured by a few months' submission to a rational hydropathic treatment.

CHAPTER II.

CONSTIPATION—ITS CAUSE AND CURE. THEORY OF FŒCIFICATION.

There is perhaps no disease so extremely common in this country as constipation of the bowels—no single disease which, in the aggregate, inflicts so large an amount of suffering on its inhabitants—and I trust I shall be pardoned for adding, that there is certainly no disease more completely misunderstood and maltreated by its medical men. All sorts of machines have been contrived in vain—in vain every conceivable combination of drugs has been exhibited. All sorts of dietary plans have been laid down to no purpose—and the sufferers have been sent to every corner of the habitable

globe in search of a remedy for this disease—equally to no purpose—until now medical men no longer pretend that they can cure it, and their patients have ceased to hope for more than the most temporary and insignificant relief—to obtain which, slight though it be, the daily use of pernicious drugs has become to thousands, as necessary as their daily food. And all this misery, and all this labour in vain, are the sole results of a single physiological *error*—a single *misconception* as to the functions of the bowels—a single mistake as to *one particular phenomenon* in the animal economy—fœcification.* Yet this disease is a very important one—important in itself—more important as entailing upon the patient the necessity of poisoning his stomach and vital fluids, and irritating his nervous system, with a daily amount of physic—and *most important of all*, as the certain cause of other diseases more important than itself.

* How absurd, therefore, is the supposition that an acquaintance with the physiology of the human system is not necessary to the art or science of curing diseases! I shall demonstrate that *ignorance* of one single physiological fact is the sole reason why constipation has hitherto been an incurable disease.

The opinion entertained by the great bulk of the profession—certainly by every one with whom I have conversed on the subject—with regard to the process of digestion, is this. The food, received into the stomach, is there reduced by the agency of the gastric juice, to one homogeneous pulp. It is then sent forward into the first twelve inches of the bowels (called the duodenum), and there, by the agency of the bile and pancreatic juices, is separated into two parts—a *nutritious* portion, called chyle, and which is taken up by the lacteals and conveyed into the blood to nourish the body, and into an *excrementitious* portion (or dross) which is conveyed along the bowels to be expelled at their extremity. This is the account given in all the books which I have read; and I myself, about eight years ago, blindly following in the beaten track, gave the same account in my work, entitled, "Life, Health, and Disease."* Since

* There may possibly be writers who have forestalled me in the view which I now take of this subject. I can only say that I have never met with them. The whole tenor, however, of Liebig's great work proves that he entertains the same views with myself, although he has said nothing directly on the subject. But he call the fœces

then, however, my attention has been more particularly drawn to the consideration of this peculiar affection—and the result of my reflection on this subject has been—that which the reader will presently learn.

Accordingly with the common hypothesis, then, as detailed above, the food is separated, in the first twelve inches of the bowels, called the duodenum, into a *nutritious* portion called chyle, which is *taken up into the blood,* and an innutritious or *excrementitious* portion which is *not* taken up into the blood, but which travels on to be ultimately expelled from the bowels in the form of fœces or stool. Now I say that the *whole* of the food is taken up into the blood, and that no part of it is expelled in the form of stool or fœces—and that the food in the stomach and duodenum has *nothing whatever to do* with the formation of stool. And here let me meet at once an objection which I foresee will be instantly raised. It will be said that this cannot be true, for that portions of undigested food can frequently *be seen* mixed with the fœces. Yes, *mixed with* the fœces—that's perfectly

the *ashes* of the human furnace—an expression which he could not have used had he entertained the old notions.

true—but no more constituting a *part of* the fœces, than the gravel and sand frequently seen mixed with the urine constitutes a part of the urine! It is quite true that, if a man swallow a brass farthing, or a cherry stone, that brass farthing or that cherry stone will be found *mixed with* his stool. But the brass farthing is surely a brass farthing still! and the cherry stone a cherry stone still! And so, if by any accident, a whole currant or a lump of cabbage stalk *escape* the action of the gastric juice, that whole currant, or that lump of cabbage stalk, will be found *mixed with* the fœces—but no more constituting a *part of them*, than did the brass farthing or the cherry stone! They are all merely adventitious matters accidentally mingled with, but forming no part of, the fœces —but which only take advantage of the alimentary canal to escape out of the body. The same argument of course applies to the husks of oats and other indigestible matters found in the fœces of the horse. But man puts away all the indigestible parts of *his* food before he cooks it.

Now to *prove* this.

Every medical man of any considerable

practice knows that there are many persons whose *habit* it is to have their bowels relieved once a week. A few years ago these cases were very numerous indeed, and they are only less so now because the public mind has been so impressed by medical men with the importance of having the bowels emptied every day, that most persons, rather than suffer their bowels to be confined, will take medicine every day. Still these cases are even now sufficiently numerous to prove my point. Some years ago I had a patient at Stepney Green, a lady, whose habit it was, from childhood, to have the bowels relieved *once a fortnight;* and if they were emptied oftener she felt weak and exhausted. Only last year, I had at my house a clergyman, whose habit it was to have his bowels relieved, and that very *scantily*, only once in *three weeks*. And I have met with multitudes of persons, whose bowels were only, relieved once in the week, *until they were told*, on their first application to a medical man, that it was very dangerous to suffer this to be the case. Or perhaps they were told that this constipated condition of the bowels was the cause of the malady for which they consulted him; and

that if they would get rid of that malady and avoid it in future, they must keep their bowels daily open.

Now let us take the case of a man whose bowels are, for years, only relieved once a week.

The average weight of the human daily stool is five ounces. Now, if the stools were merely, according to the common notion, the *refuse or residuum* of the food, separated in the duodenum, and expelled from the rectum, then, in the case of a man whose bowels are relieved only once a week, and who eats the same daily amount of food as others, the one motion which he has at the end of the week must either be *seven times greater* than in healthy persons, or there must be an accumulation of the fœculent matter which *ought* to have been expelled in the course of the other six days. But what is the fact? Why the fact is, that the one weekly stool is almost always *considerably smaller* than the daily one of a healthy person. There must, therefore, at the week's end, be left behind the accumulated motions, or residuum, or refuse of six days—that is, thirty ounces, or nearly two pounds of residuum, refuse, or stool. At the

end of the year this would amount to 1560 ounces, or 97½ *pounds*, that is, nearly a *hundred weight* of refuse, residuum, or stool, which the unhappy patient would be carrying about with him in his bowels! But what shall we say to the poor lady of Stepney Green, whose bowels were only relieved once a *fortnight?* She must have been destined to bear about with her no less than about *two hundred weight* of residuum! While *three hundred weight* would be the burthen imposed upon the bowels of the clergyman who was at my house last year! But this is only the accumulation of a *single year!* which, in twenty years, would amount to something less than *one ton!!*

Cases of actual and very considerable accumulation of fœculent matter in the bowels do, though rarely, sometimes occur. But in these cases, as might be supposed, there is a very evident *protuberance* of the belly. But persons who are *habitually* constipated are generally remarkable for being very flat-bellied, as well as for being (generally) very hearty eaters. The clergyman I have spoken of was an instance of both. Now it is manifestly and mechanically impossible that the accumulation of

one *quarter* of a year (twenty-five pounds) could exist in the bowels without causing great distension and protuberance—no, nor of one month (about eight pounds)—nor even of a single week (about two pounds.)

I look upon this one argument alone as *singly* conclusive on this subject. But I have abundance of others—for arguments are never wanting to prove a *true position.* It is only to support a false hypothesis that arguments (worth calling such) are so difficult to find.

It sometimes happens that, from some disease, as scirrhus, &c. about the throat, it becomes impossible to convey any kind of food, either liquid or solid, into the stomach. In these cases life may be supported for a time by nutritious injections into the large bowels. Such a case is given by Dr. Currie in his Medical Reports. In this case the patient was supported by the injection of mutton broth and the yolks of eggs into the lower bowels. Yet his bowels were regularly relieved every three or four days of a well-formed and healthy stool, rather harder than usual, but possessing all the sensible properties of an ordinary dejection. Now this could not possibly be the dross or

residuum of mutton broth and yolk of egg, for they contain *no* residuum. The yolk of egg especially is pure albumen, and there can be no reason why one part of this albumen should be taken up to nourish the body while another part was left behind to form stool. Why was not the whole taken up? Why was a part left behind for no other purpose than merely to be expelled? And how, again, did this part acquire the characteristic sensible properties peculiar to fœcal matter? If it be said that these properties of colour, form, consistence, appearance, and odour, be imparted by some action of the bowels contrived for that purpose —some sort of concoction—then, I say, why should nature give herself the trouble to institute any such contrivance? For, since the presence of fœcal matter in the bowels answers no purpose in the animal economy—that is, according to the opinions which I am combating —since the bowels have no other concern with it but to expel it, as a certain amount of refuse matter which it would be hurtful to retain, why could it not be expelled as well in one form as another? Why take the trouble to concoct it first? or, by any other means so completely to

alter its sensible qualities? All this would be labour in vain. If there were any part of the broth or yolk of egg left behind in the bowels, why should not the bowels expel it at once, in the form of broth and yolk of egg still?

This, then, is another, and, as I believe, an insurmountable argument quite fatal to the notion that the fœculent contents of the bowels are the mere residuum of digestion—for in this case it could scarcely be said that there was *any digestion at all*, but merely the direct absorption of mutton broth and albumen into the blood. But this patient had a healthy dejection every three or four days from the bowels. How did it come there? We shall see that presently.

Again, if a man's bowels be thoroughly emptied by a strong dose of medicine, and if he then starve for twenty-four hours, and then take *another* dose, his bowels will be relieved again, and frequently as copiously as at first, and sometimes *more so*. Now this second relief could not be the mere refuse of food, for the simple reason that he had taken *no* food! And so again in fevers, in which the patient frequently takes nothing but a little thin barley water or tea, for weeks together, the physician

nevertheless insists upon the bowels being relieved every day, and medicine is generally given every day for that purpose. And it is common to hear patients and nurses "wonder where it all comes from," seeing that the patient takes nothing to *eat*. And, indeed, if the commonly received notion where true, viz. that the stools are the residuum of the food, it would be matter of very *great* wonder, since out of nothing assuredly nothing can come.

There is yet another argument. If the fœces were merely the indigestible residue of food, then that residue should be always pretty much the same in its sensible properties in *different* animals fed on the *same* food. Yet if a goose, a horse, a sheep, and a cow, be grazed on the same grass, their fœculent matters will be as different as possible in nearly all their sensible qualities—different in appearance, different in consistence, different in configuration, different in odour. But if the fœces be merely an indigestible residue travelling from one end of a canal only to be expelled at the other, whence and why all this difference? Two things can scarcely be more distinct than the intestinal secretions of a sheep and a cow.

The true stool, independent of any adventitious indigestible matters which may be occasionally mixed with it, is a *genuine secretion from the blood*—like the saliva of the mouth, the gastric juice, the bile of the liver, the urine of the kidneys. When man feeds, as he usually does, on food the indigestible parts of which (as the husk of the wheat kernel) has been removed, the whole of his meal is taken up into the blood. And it is strongly confirmatory of this opinion that this secretion is influenced, like all the others, by the same causes, moral or otherwise, by which all those *others* are influenced. It is true to a proverb that sudden terror will excite the secretion from the skin, and the secretion from the *kidneys,* and that it will also relax the bowels—in other words, excite the *secretion* from the bowels in common with the others. Horses are known frequently to *sweat* from fear. If the stool were *not* itself a secretion, one does not clearly see why it should obey the laws which govern other *secretions.*

Again, when any morbid cause has disturbed the healthy condition of the nervous system, as at the onset of fever—or any moral cause, as

protracted anxiety of mind—we find the secretions immediately become diminished in quantity and altered in quality. The saliva either ceases altogether to be secreted, and the mouth is parched; or else it becomes semi-solid, and lies upon the tongue in the form of an incrustation. The secretion of gastric juice is arrested—the bile is deficient—the urine scanty and high coloured—and the skin is no longer kept soft, moist, and cool by the insensible perspiration; for this secretion, in common with the others, is arrested, and the skin becomes hot, dry, and harsh—and, exactly in like manner, at the same time, and in obedience to the same morbid influences, the *secretion from the bowels is also arrested*—in whole or in part—while its sensible qualities are also altered—its colour, its consistence, its odour.

Now if the stools were merely the undigested residue of food, waiting to be expelled, one does not see how or why this residue should have its sensible qualities affected by the operation of morbid causes on the nervous system. If a child have made a meal of cherry pie and plum pudding, and if it have swallowed half-a-dozen cherry stones—and if, moreover,

some dozen or so of whole currants have accidentally escaped the action of the gastric juice —then these cherry stones and whole currants will, indeed, constitute the true residue of that child's meal, and will be found mingled with its next dejection. But should this child, at the time of eating its meal or immediately after, be seized with fever, the influence of the fever will be at once manifested in the altered character of its secretions—but will the character of the cherry stones and whole currants (the undigested residue of its last meal) be altered or in any way affected? Of course not —then why should the character of any other kind of residue be altered either?

The fœculent contents of the bowels, therefore, are, with the exception of a few adventitious matters occasionally mingled with them, a true and genuine secretion from the blood.

But it may be asked, with great propriety, what becomes in cases of habitual constipation, of all that matter which should have been expelled from the bowels? For, though there may be no accumulation in the bowels, it is plain there *must* be accumulation somewhere. And, if the whole of the food is taken up into

the blood, then this accumulation must take place in the blood vessels. To this I reply, that where the patients daily consume as much food as they would have done had not the secretion from the bowels been arrested, it will always be found that one or more of the *other* secretions are *increased* to an amount corresponding with the deficiency in the *intestinal* secretion. And the increased secretion will be either that from the skin, or that from the kidneys, or both. Profuse night sweats are very common to those who suffer under habitual constipation. But, in most cases, accumulation in the blood vessels is, in part, prevented by the modern habit of daily *forcing* a secretion (though not the *natural* one) from the bowels. When the bowels, however, *first begin* to be constipated, there *does* occur a very great accumulation (venous congestion) not only in the great venous trunks (which are very *easily* as well as *permanently* dilatable) but throughout the *whole* of the capillary system. And it is not until these *have become greatly engorged* that Nature, to prevent further mischief, finds herself under the necessity of *augmenting* the daily amount of one or more of the other secretions to *compensate*

for the deficiency of that from the bowels, and to guard against the actual bursting of the oppressed capillary vessels.

Sometimes, however, she seeks to relieve herself by establishing a *new secretion*, in the form of eruptions on the skin, discharging ulcers, abscesses, &c.—and thus it is that constipation becomes the cause of other diseases more important than itself, when considered *by* itself.

Persons labouring under *severe* constipation of long continuance never enjoy good health. Why? Because a secretion fulfils the double office of daily diminishing the volume of blood to make room for the new blood resulting from the daily food, and also to cleanse the fluid of those matters whose retention in it would vitiate its quality. And thus the great nervous centres, the brain, the spinal cord, and sympathetic ganglia, together with the capillaries of all the other vital organs, become oppressed by the circulation through them of a blood unhealthily increased in quantity, and vitiated in quality. They are now suffering under congestion—they are burthened with a quantity of blood of which they cannot dispose—and their

functions are either disturbed or altogether suppressed—and thus, as it were, a crow-bar is laid upon the very springs of life, which their elasticity has not power to throw off.

I have said that nature endeavours to compensate for the suppression of the alvine secretion by augmenting the quantity of those from the skin and kidneys. But can full compensation be made in this way? No; the volume or quantity of the blood may thus be kept down, but the peculiar matters constituting the alvine secretion are incapable of being conveyed out of the body by any other organ than the appropriate one. And thus those matters destined to be thrown out of the blood by the bowels are retained, although the blood's volume may *not* be increased.

Now let us see how this view of the manner in which the alvine dejections are produced, bears practically upon the treatment of constipation.

If my views be correct, it will be immediately seen that, in constipation, the reason why the bowels do not discharge their contents is *not* because they are unable to do so, but because they have *no contents* to discharge. The error

is not in the expulsive function of the bowels, but in the *manufacturing* function of the secreting arteries. No stool is formed, and *therefore*, and therefore *alone*, no stool is expelled. I speak thus roundly and sweepingly to illustrate my principle the more clearly. I say *no* stool is formed—but this is not quite true—at least, not in the majority of cases. For whenever a mild dose of medicine is taken a small stool will generally be produced. This happens because the alvine secretion is hardly ever *wholly* suspended. It generally *goes on*, but goes on very slowly. There is, therefore, almost always *some small amount* of secretion within the bowels, which is not expelled, however, because its amount, weight, or bulk is not yet sufficient to cause the bowels to exert their expulsive power—just as there is always *some* urine in the bladder, which, however, is only expelled when its amount has become sufficient to induce that viscus to contract upon its contents. The effect, then, of a gentle dose of medicine is merely to irritate the bowels to contract *prematurely* upon their contents, which contents however would have been equally expelled, *without the medicine*, had time been allowed for

them to accumulate sufficiently to induce the bowels (by their bulk or weight) to expel them. Nothing is gained, therefore, by these *gentle* doses of medicine, except a very unnecessary and very hurtful degree of irritation inflicted upon the bowels. I may illustrate what I mean by an allusion to the pregnant condition of the uterus. Let it alone, and, at the end of nine months, that is, when its contents have arrived at a certain amount of bulk and weight, it will contract and expel them. But you *may*, by certain irritating drugs, cause it to contract, and expel its contents prematurely. But this irritation and premature contraction and expulsion can only be obtained at the expense of great injury to the system—so great, in most instances, as to involve the lives of both mother and child. The injury, in both instances, that is, of the uterus and bowels, is of the same *kind*. It only differs in *degree*. Every premature expulsion of the fœculent contents of the bowels, is a sort of *miscarriage* of the bowels effected by artificial means. These artificial means do a certain amount of harm to the bowels, of the same *kind* as that done to the uterus when artificial means are used to effect

an ordinary miscarriage. It only differs in *amount*.

Because, therefore, every gentle dose of medicine is answered by a certain amount of secretion, it by no means follows that the *secretion* was *produced* by the medicine. The medicine does no more than expel it—and that, too, prematurely and unnecessarily.

But whenever a *strong* dose of medicine is given, it is generally answered by a very copious but *liquid* evacuation. Yet here again the *object* of the medicine is *not* achieved. For, both in the case of the gentle dose and the strong dose, the object is to *produce*, to *make*, to *manufacture*, stool. To excite the secreting vessels to renew their suspended functions. In neither case is this object effected. In the case of the gentle dose, the object obtained is merely the premature and unnecessary expulsion of a certain amount of fœculent matter, which, however, was already produced and deposited in the bowels. In the case of the *strong* dose, the object obtained is merely the secretion, exfiltration, or outpouring of the serum of the blood into the bowels. Their mucous membrane is made, as it were, to SWEAT. These watery

motions are not motions at all. They consist merely of the watery parts of the blood, poured out by the capillaries, and tainted with the *odour of stool* by admixture with the fœculent gases always present in the large intestines, and with whatever small amount of true stool the bowels may happen to contain.

Great relief is sometimes experienced by a copious discharge of this kind. But this merely arises from the diminution thus effected in the *volume* of the blood. The engorged capillaries are relieved of a part of their load, and the whole system feels and *is* lightened. A part of the oppression is removed. The capillary system has been *bled*—but only bled of its watery contents.

Neither the strong nor the gentle dose of medicine, therefore, contributes anything towards the *cure* of constipation—because they contribute nothing towards the removal of its *cause*. Both the strong and the gentle dose do, what is called, open the bowels. But the next day they are as constipated as ever, and indeed *more so*. To attempt to restore the secreting powers of the bowels or of the liver by thus artificially spurring them to unnatural actions,

is like attempting to recruit the exhausted powers of the horse by spurring his sides till they bleed. You may thus urge him on, from time to time, to a desperate and brief acceleration of speed, but it is only at an increased expense of energy, and only tends ultimately to a more rapid exhaustion of his powers.

In habitual constipation we have seen that the error lies in the too *tardy manufacture* of the fœculent matter. The quantity secreted from the blood is *deficient.* A sufficient quantity of secretion is not sent *out* of the bowels because it has never been sent *into* them. The object of our remedial practice, therefore, should be to increase the quantity manufactured—to cause the secreting vessels to secrete *more,* by removing the cause which has arrested their secretion. But instead of this, we have gone on teazing and fretting and inflaming and whipping the bowels for a fault which is *not theirs.* The doctor cries to the bowels, "Expel! expel!" and the tortured and grumbling bowels reply (or would if they had a tongue), "We can't! we can't! because —— we have nothing to expel!"

In a word, we have all along been labouring

to bleed a gate-post; and have been whipping the post with great perseverance, because it would yield no blood.

He who would cure constipation must address his remedies, not to the *expulsive* powers of the bowels, but to the *secreting* powers of the arteries. Deficiency of stool is only an indication of a deficiency of secreting power. This last is the *cause* of the disease called constipation, and this cause must be removed before the disease, which is the effect of this cause, can cease. The secreting powers must be *restored.* This done, there will be no difficulty whatever, on the part of the bowels, in expelling the secretion, whenever this shall be deposited within them in sufficient quantity. But to endeavour to *restore* the enfeebled secreting powers by a process of *forcing*—by the daily administration of irritating drugs—is just as sensible practice as it would be for a man to endeavour to *restore* the exhausted powers of his jaded horse by the incessant application of whip and spur.

The frequent exhibition of aperient medicines, not only cannot cure constipation, but it will increase the constipation of those who have it, and produce it in those who have it *not.* How

constantly does it happen that those who begin by one dose every week, end by a dose every night!

Again, it frequently happens that delicate persons always feel best when their bowels are rather confined—better with four or five stools a week than with seven or eight. This is clearly intelligible. For, the stools being a secretion from the blood, like the urine, perspiration, &c. whenever the amount of this secretion is *disproportioned* to the strength of the body, it will produce the same langour and sense of exhaustion which is always produced by excessive perspiration—or an excess of any other secretion.

One evacuation daily is proper for a person in robust health, because he is well filled with blood, and his strength will bear it. But in the thin, pale, delicate, and weakly, especially if they be small eaters, I am quite certain that seven dejections in the week is *more* than enough. It is a greater demand than the system can easily supply; and when medicine is given to force this number of stools in the week, it only produces exhaustion and all its consequent mischiefs. Mr. Cayley's is a case in point.

Extract from a Letter from E. S. Cayley, Esq., M.P., 25th of December, 1845.

* * * * * I hope you perceived that those two letters* were written in cold water—at least without cold water they would not and could not have been written. So you are the proximate author, *if any credit is to be attached to them.*

Now for myself and my health. Will you tell me, *how you treat liver cases.* Since my great progress the last three months, it has been much more rapid than before. I find the state of my biliary secretions an almost exact barometer of my health. If the evacuations are small and well coloured, I feel almost perfectly well: if they are large and almost colourless, I am languid, weak, and desponding.

Yours very truly,

E. S. Cayley.

The feeling of good health when the evacuations are "*small* and well coloured with bile," attributed by this gentleman to the abundance of the biliary secretion, is in fact to be attri-

* To Lord John Russell.

buted to the *small amount* of the *alvine* secretion itself. And the langour and despondency occurring when the alvine secretions are *large*, and not well coloured with bile, are solely attributable to the large amount of the evacuation. The quantity of bile is the same in both cases; but the same quantity of bile which is sufficient to colour a small quantity of matter is not of course equally sufficient to colour a *large* quantity, to the same degree of intensity.

In estimating the proper amount of the alvine secretion we must take into consideration the nature of our food. Man, in a state of nature, lives on food which abounds often in indigestible matters. The evacuations, therefore, will be increased in quantity by the amount of these undigested portions of their food. So the horse, taking with his food the husk of the oat, will have these indigestible husks mixed up with his secretion, the bulk of which will be increased by the quantity of those husks. But man, in all polished societies, purifies his food from all those indigestible matters *before he eats it.* His evacuation therefore is *pure secretion*, and therefore smaller in quantity than it would be if he lived on coarse, promiscuous food,

unseparated from the husks of corn and other indigestible matters. The man, living in a highly cultivated condition, *does not require,* therefore, so large an amount of alvine evacuation as he who lives in a state of barbarism—nor even as the daily labourer.

I have said (and I hope *proved*) that the stools are a true and genuine secretion from the blood; and that the *cause* of constipation is a deficiency in the quantity of this secretion. But we must go a step further, and endeavour to ascertain what is the *cause* of this *cause*. *Why* is this secretion deficient in quantity?

I think I have already observed that there is no fact in the whole history of medicine more thoroughly established and universally acknowledged than this, viz. that nervous excitement has the invariable effect of *arresting the secretions,* to a greater or less extent. The alvine fœcula are a genuine secretion, and therefore equally subject with all the others to be arrested by nervous excitement.

Nervous excitement is the cause of constipation—that is, the cause of the arrest of the alvine secretion.

The cause of constipation, therefore, does

not reside in the bowels themselves, but in the nervous system. And it can only be cured by a remedy which has the power of *allaying excitement*, and of strengthening *the great nervous centres*. Any remedy which has the power of *removing the obstructing cause* (i. e. of allaying excitement) while, at the same time, it strengthens the general health, will cure constipation. It can be effected by no other kind of remedy. But the whole pharmacopeia does not even pretend to contain any drug, or combination of drugs, capable of effecting this double object. All its tonics are excitants, and all its anti-excitants are debilitants. There is no kind of remedy, as I most religiously believe, capable of fulfilling this double object, except the hydropathic treatment.

And there is no difficulty whatever in understanding *why* this remedy should cure constipation. Its curative effects depend entirely upon its remarkable influence in allaying nervous irritation, and that generally feverish condition, which are so hostile to the function of secretion--while, at the same time, it fills the system with a rich and pure blood, (sole foun-

tain of nutrition) and so gives permanent strength and functional activity to all the organs.

As a proof (though *medical* men will *require* none) that excitement arrests the secretions, and that cooling the body restores them, let us take the case of a drunken man. In the evening he has excited his system with strong drink. In the morning he wakes with all his secretions arrested—his mouth and throat are *dry*—his nose *dry*—his skin *dry*—his bowels costive—i. e. *dry* also. Now let him get up and take a cold bath, and go out into the cool air. The saliva will return into his mouth, moisture into his throat and nose, and upon his skin, and soon after this his bowels (if he be not *habitually* constipated) will be relieved. But if, instead of getting up and bathing, and going out into the cool air, he continue in bed and in a hot room, his secretions will not return for many hours—i. e. not until the excitement has gradually subsided of itself, without the aid of cooling *the body*. It will be probably twenty-four hours longer before his secretions return. And every nurse knows that one of the first and best signs of the sub-

sidence of the excitement of fever is the return of the natural secretion to the nose and the skin.

In no other way is it possible to account for the singular influence which this treatment exerts in curing constipation—nor is any other mode of accounting for it at all necessary—at least, not to professional men. The fact, however, is beyond question.

But whence comes this nervous excitement, producing a disease which is so nearly universal in the middle and upper classes? This question will be answered in what I am about to say on the subject of indigestion generally.

INDIGESTION.

As the seat of mischief, in that disease called constipation, is not in the bowels—so, in that other disease called indigestion, neither is the seat of mischief in the stomach.

There are, doubtless, exceptions to this general position. A man may, and some men do, get indigestion from immoderate indulgence in alcoholic drinks and excessive eating. But

these excesses are not now the *common* vices of the upper and middle classes. They are still far from infrequent; but they are not the vices of the *majority*, including both sexes. But indigestion is constantly met with, in its very worst forms, in the most temperate persons, old and young, male and female.

A young lady (say, of twenty years of age) goes to the physician, to complain of indigestion. She tells him that she has no appetite—that her tongue is furred—that she has acid eructations—that she has a bitter taste in her mouth—that she suffers from a sense of distension after eating—that she feels languid and low spirited—that she is flatulent—that her bowels are constipated—that everything is a trouble to her—that she has a painful sense of want or sinking at the stomach, which is always relieved by eating a few mouthfuls of food, for which however she has no relish, and which only affords her relief of the most temporary duration—&c. &c. "Madam," says the doctor, "your case is one of Dyspepsia or Indigestion—these are all stomach symptoms—it is your stomach, madam, your stomach—your stomach is all wrong." Now in telling her this, he tells her

no more than she knew before. He writes a prescription for a little *something to strengthen her stomach*—a little something to *give her liver a fillip* (a very favourite expression)—a little something to *correct acidity*—and a little something to *open her bowels*. She swallows all these "little somethings" for a month, and then finds herself precisely in the same condition as before—she is no better—not even a "little something." If there be any difference at all, she is a little something worse.

"Your stomach is all wrong, madam." To this the patient should have replied: "That is true, sir—I feel it to be true—and I knew this perfectly well *before*. But what I *want* to know is, *how comes* my stomach to be all wrong? what have I done to my *stomach* or to my *bowels* to make them all wrong? I have always lived from childhood in the most temperate manner. I have never drunk anything but water, or a little weak tea, all my life, as a beverage. I have scarcely ever touched any kind of food but the plainest joints, with bread, and the commonest vegetables. I am totally unconscious of any vicious habits of any kind. I go to rest early, and rise early—I sleep in an

airy apartment—I am not heavily covered with bed-clothes—I indulge in no luxurious habits of any sort—and I take a fair share of exercise—a walk at least once a day, with my pupils, for I keep a school. Up to about five years ago I was, and had ever been, in the most luxuriant health and spirits. How then comes my stomach to be thus deranged? It was perfectly right *once*—why is it so cruelly wrong *now*? There must be a *cause* for this great change, and what I want to know is, the *nature of that cause*, that I may in future avoid it if possible. If a good mechanician make a machine (say a watch) that watch not only will but *must* indicate the time, and *continue* to indicate the time, till it has become gradually injured by the wear and tear of many years, subject only to the daily process of winding up, and careful defence from any external injury. I say this *must* continue to indicate the time—it *cannot help it*, because it is moved by certain fixed mechanical laws, which cannot alter. Now my stomach, in common with the rest of my organization, is the work of a divine and unerring mechanician —it came out of Nature's hands a piece of perfect machinery, intended, and perfectly

adapted, to perform certain functions, subject only to the daily process of wholesome feeding, and defence from external injury. I have always fed it with the utmost propriety, nor has it ever suffered any external injury; and therefore I again ask, how comes it to go wrong? What has been done to it? and who has done it? for *I* have not."

Now, on the supposition that indigestion is purely a disease of the stomach, originating in that organ, and depending on morbid causes going on within its structure, I, for one, at once confess myself totally unable to answer this lady's questions. I cannot *conceive* how the stomach which is properly fed, and which has suffered no external injury, *can* (of itself) become diseased, any more than a good watch can fail to indicate the time so long as it is properly wound up, and carefully defended from external injury, viz. from dirt, cold, heat, &c. &c. To suppose otherwise is to suppose an *uncertainty*—a *fallibility* of operation—in those great natural laws which govern both the watch and the stomach (mechanical in the one, vital in the other) from which *all* the laws of nature are known and universally acknowledged to be

free. A perfect piece of machinery *does not contain within itself* any elements of self-injury; these, if they come at all, must come from without—must come from something else than itself—except, of course, those which are proper to its nature—in the case of the watch, friction—in the case of the living machine, old age.

We have *not the power* of directly injuring our stomach or bowels, excepting by means of what we put into them. Where no injury, therefore, has been thus inflicted, and where the stomach has been, at one time, perfectly sound, it is not possible that it should become disordered otherwise than *indirectly*, that is, through the nervous system—by sympathy, as it is called—that is, by having irritation or other disordered sensations *carried to it* by those *carriers of sensation*, the nerves.

I can illustrate what I mean by reference to the electric telegraph. The analogy between the two instances is beautifully correct, clear, and complete. There are wires stretched between London and Bristol. Certain causes are made to operate on the London end of these wires, and an effect is instantly produced at the Bristol end, corresponding to the *kind* or nature

of the cause set up at the London end. Now the brain is London, and the stomach is Bristol, and the gastric portion of the pneumo-gastric nerve is the wire. Whatever unwholesome or irritating cause is made to operate on the brain end of the nerve, instantly produces an unhealthy or irritating effect at the stomach end of the nerve, throwing that organ and its functions into confusion.

The only *direct* means we have of injuring the stomach, therefore, is by means of *what we put into it,* which may be either excessive in quantity or of a too irritating quality. So also the only *direct* means we have of injuring the brain is, by means of *what we put into it,* viz. thoughts, ideas, moral impressions, mental *strokes* as it were—and these may likewise be either excessive in quantity or of a too stimulating quality.

In both cases we commit an intemperance—the one is stomach-intemperance, the other brain-intemperance. And, to make the analogy complete, as the stomach may be disordered by brain-intemperance, so the brain may be disordered (and sometimes is) by stomach-intemperance—just as impressions made upon the

Bristol end of the wires may be propagated to London, just as readily as those made on the London end may be propagated to Bristol.

Those cases of indigestion, therefore, which are clearly *not* the result of stomach-intemperance, are caused by brain-intemperance. And these latter cases infinitely outnumber the former, since stomach-intemperance occurs in *comparatively* but few, while brain intemperance is almost universal. For the greatest temperance in this respect, (according to our modern habits and notions) is still intemperance when compared with the mental repose of those who are content to fulfil the natural destinies of man —content with that state whereto it has pleased God to call them—I mean the tillers of the soil.

But sometimes (though rarely, for they are generally simultaneous) the patient complains that he *first* feels disagreeable sensations in the stomach, and that immediately *afterwards* the head symptoms, as giddiness, &c., come on. But there is nothing at all mystical or difficult in this. For the irritation existing in that *part* of the brain (medulla oblongata) whence the pneumo-gastric nerve arises, having reached a certain degree of intensity, may first *manifest*

itself by its effects on the stomach—disturbing that organ. Then this disturbance in the stomach is in *its* turn propagated by *other* nerves, or the same nerve, back to some *other* part, or the same part, of the brain, producing disordered sensations *there*. Just as a communication may be propagated along the electric wires from London to Bristol, and an answering communication be propagated back again from Bristol to London.

Had this lady applied to me I should have said: "It is true that your uneasy sensations are in your stomach, but the *cause* of them is in your *brain*—the medulla oblongata of your brain." And had she then put to me the same questions with regard to the cause of disease in her brain which we have just seen her putting with regard to her stomach, one answer would have served for all: "You keep school, madam, and you keep that school with your brain, and not with your stomach."

So with regard to the bowels—how can healthy bowels become unhealthy *of themselves?* They cannot become diseased without a cause—and healthy bowels do not contain any morbid cause or principle of disease—any more

than a healthy watch does. In both cases the cause of injury must come from without.

Excepting those cases which are the results of table excesses—that is, of injuries inflicted *directly* on the stomach—the *cause* of indigestion, like that of constipation, is seated in one of the three great nervous centres—most frequently in the medulla oblongata of the brain but sometimes in the sympathetic ganglia.

I am fully alive to the risk I run here of incurring something like ridicule. It may be said that I am too fond of referring to the brain and nervous system—that I have mounted a hobby and am riding him to death. I am also fully alive to the fact that this is too often the case; and that every man is, more or less, in danger of suffering his thoughts to run too much in one direction; unless he have the courage to examine himself well, to combat his own arguments, and to reason *against himself* as sharply and severely as he would against another. But all this, I can truly say, I have at least attempted to do. At all events I hope I shall be judged, *wholly and solely*, by the amount and weight of evidence which I shall be able to bring in favour of my position.

It may be said that one, at least, of my arguments will not apply (as it ought) to other organs. When cancer occurs in the human breast, for instance, I may be asked how I can trace that disease to causes external to the breast. I answer, very easily. Cancer *never* occurs in a perfectly healthy constitution. I perfectly agree with Dr. Billing and others, that the *first link* in that chain of causes which is stretched between the state of perfect health and the state of disease (of whatever kind) *is*, and must always *be*, to be found somewhere in the nervous system. To defend this large and general position, however, in this place, would lead me into a more lengthy and technical line of argument than would suit those for whose use this work is chiefly intended.

I know it is true—lamentably true—that most medical men keep hobbies. One refers everything to the stomach, another to the liver, a third to the kidneys. But then here they stop. They give no *reasons*—they show no *causes*—they bring no evidence to prove—why it should be so. It is easy to say: "Sir, the disease is in your stomach." But it is *not* always

so easy (as I have just shown) to assign any valid *reason* in support of this opinion. It is a mere ipse dixit. In my case, however, I have at least attempted to *give reasons*, to adduce evidence, not only in favour of my own hypothesis, but *against* the general opinion. All I ask is that these reasons, for the one and against the other, shall be carefully weighed in the balance of the reader's judgment, and verdict be pronounced accordingly. It is quite fair to *suspect* me of riding a hobby. But this suspicion should only have the effect of causing the reader to examine my arguments the more closely. For it is *not* fair to accuse me of riding a hobby *solely and for no other reason* than because other men are known to do so.

In the first place, indigestion is a disease scarcely ever found among the *temperate* labouring poor—that is, amongst those who live by the sweat of their brow, and *not* the sweat of their brain. In the second place, it is almost universal (to a greater or less degree) in the middle classes—that is, amongst those who *do* live by the sweat of the brain, and *not* by the sweat of the brow—and it is also constantly

found in the upper classes—that is, amongst those who live by the sweat of neither brow nor brain—but who *do live*, nevertheless, from choice, under the perpetual influence of *strong nervous excitement*. These facts alone seem to me to possess considerable weight. Then, again, it must be remembered that the gastric portion of the pneumo-gastric nerve travels directly from the brain (medulla oblongata) to the stomach, and that it is the office of this nerve to supply to the stomach *from the brain* the power of stomach-digestion. This has been proved by direct experiment on dogs, by dividing this nerve while digestion was going vigorously on. The instant after its division the digestive function was always found to cease. Now it is well known that when irritation is set up in *one part* of a nerve, the painful effects of that irritation will not always be experienced in that *same* part, but often in a distant one. Thus when there is disease of the liver, pain will often be felt in the shoulder—in disease of the hip joint, pain is almost always first felt in the knee—if one strike the point of one's elbow against a chair, a tingling irritation is felt in the little finger—if a man run a rusty

nail into the ball of his foot, the *effect* is a locked jaw—quite at the other extremity of the entire body. Thus, then, there is nothing at all mysterious, or wonderful, or unreasonable, or unphysiological, or without analogy, in the supposition that irritation set up in that part of the pneumo-gastric nerve which is in the *brain*, should give rise to irritation, and painful sensations, and foul secretions in the *stomach*—that is, at another part of the same nerve—and in the organ to which that nerve is distributed. And every one knows that a blow on the head will frequently produce sickness of *stomach ;* and that a *moral* blow on the brain (sudden fright, for instance) will produce the same effect. The stomach owes its *healthy* powers to a healthy condition of this nerve—and there seems nothing improbable, I think, in supposing that it may also owe its *unhealthy* powers to an unhealthy condition of the same nerve, or of that *part of the brain* out of which that nerve arises. And this probability is greatly strengthened, I think, when it is considered (as I have just shown) that it is almost impossible even to conceive that any cause of diseased stomach should arise spontaneously within the stomach itself, in

persons who live *temperately;* and when it is further considered that there *is* a species of *intemperance,* universally practised amongst those classes to whom indigestion is almost peculiar—and that this intemperance is of a nature calculated to inflict direct injury upon that brain in which the pneumo-gastric nerve arises, and by which that nerve is supplied with nervous power to be conveyed to the stomach—and that it is in immediate and perfect accordance with all analogy that the effects of this injury thus inflicted at the origin of the nerve should be propagated along that nerve to its other extremity in the stomach, and thus produce disturbance and disordered sensations and secretions in that organ. The healthy and unirritated nerve supplies the stomach with the power of producing a healthy secretion, and with a set of healthy sensations. What can be more probable than that when this same nerve is irritated, excessively excited, or inflamed, the secretions and sensations within that organ should cease to be healthy and become disordered.

The intemperance to which I allude is the *intemperate exercise of the brain*—commenced

often in very infancy, and practised unceasingly almost from the cradle to the grave—which too frequently it makes an early one.

The stomach has no power to perform its functions but what it derives from the nervous system. When we find this power *fail*, therefore, what more natural or rational than to look into the *source* of this power for the *cause* of this failure?

We look into the stomach itself for the cause of indigestion, and we cannot find it. We look abroad—and we perceive, in the *habits* of almost all dyspeptics, a vast amount of moral excitement. We observe a number of strong impressions being daily inflicted upon the organ of thought, and perpetually reiterated, from childhood upwards—impressions which are fully capable of *over-stimulating*, i. e. unhealthily exciting and irritating the brain. We then look into the brain itself, and there we perceive, arising from this heated, reddened, and throbbing organ, a certain nerve stretching into the stomach, for the purpose of conveying certain impressions which are to enable that stomach to perform certain functions. And we cannot help perceiving that the impressions

conveyed along this nerve must partake of the disturbance which agitates the troubled fountain out of which it issues. And we thus at once become acquainted with a set of causes *fully sufficient* to account for all the disordered sensations and secretions of the stomach and bowels, which go under the general name of indigestion.

I say, *fully sufficient* to account, &c. For cerebral excitement is *known and acknowledged* to disorder all the other secretions, and to derange the functions of all the other organs—why not those of the stomach also, with which it is so intimately connected by the pneumo-gastric nerve and others? Under the excitement of fever, or of wine, or of any strong moral cause, as intense anxiety, we see the secretion of the mouth disturbed and taking a new form, coating the tongue in a semi-solid state—we find the character of the urine altered—the perspiration often becoming offensive—and the secretion from the bowels either wholly suppressed or greatly changed. Since all the other secreting organs then become disturbed, and refuse to perform their functions, under the influence of cerebral excitement, what wonder that this

other secreting organ, the stomach, should *also* refuse to perform *its* functions.

Moreover, in examining a dyspeptic patient, head symptoms will *always* be found. But unless the physician make strict and very particular inquiries after these, they will generally escape notice. For the patient himself is so full of his stomach—his mind is so occupied with the uneasy sensations which he feels there—and he derives so much more annoyance from these than from anything else—that he always thrusts them into the most prominent place in his conversation—scarcely condescending to mention those more obscure symptoms, which, though less important to him as the sufferer, are of the greatest consequence to the physician as guides which are to lead him to a correct judgment as to the true seat, nature, and *cause*, of his malady. And when he persists in inquiring minutely after head symptoms, he is often answered shortly and crabbedly, as though he would say, "What's the use of wasting time in inquiring about these insignificant sensations in the *head*, when I complain of nothing but my *stomach ?*"

But if his attention can be fixed upon his

head sensations, he will at length acknowledge that he has always morbid sensations there—occasional pains across the brow—singing in the ears—low spiritedness—little attacks of giddiness—black specks before the eyes—drowsiness—confusion of ideas—some or all of these will be present. But since he has always accustomed himself to believe, and has generally been *taught* to believe, that these depend upon his state of stomach, he gives himself no concern about them. But in truth he is greatly mistaken. It is the state of stomach which depends upon the state of *brain*, and not the state of brain which depends upon the state of stomach. A morbid appetite—a desire to eat every two or three hours—a desire to eat even in the night, or very early in the morning—with the most distressing sensations if it be not indulged—is an exceedingly common symptom of irritation in the brain. Sometimes a person will wake in the night and find it impossible to sleep again unless he take something to eat.

There is no intelligible mode of accounting for a healthy stomach (in the temperate) becoming unhealthy of *itself*. Under this supposition, all is mystery and darkness—an unsolved

enigma, presenting nothing but the unintelligible phenomena of effect without cause. What wonder that these stomach complaints, as they are called, should remain up to the present hour so utterly uncontrollable by all the methods which have been devised for their relief? Yet what else could be expected, if it be true, as I believe, that we have all along been physicking Peter in the vain hope of curing Paul.

But, on the contrary, if it be admitted that the disordered stomach is only the result of a disordered brain, then the enigma is at once solved. There is no longer either mystery or obscurity. Effects now follow causes in their legitimate order, and everything becomes clear and intelligible. And now, too, it becomes obvious why the hydropathic method, which has so remarkable an influence in allaying nervous irritation, and which so strictly insists upon mental repose, and so rigidly excludes all sources of cerebral excitement, should exert so marked a power in curing indigestion and constipation. Here the saddle is put upon the right horse—the remedies are addressed to the *right organ.*

A short while since a friend of mine had one of his hunters fall lame. He sent for a neighbouring farrier, who immediately applied a poultice to the off fore foot. Two or three days after, he requested me to see the horse. I had him run out, when I found that his lameness was, not in the off, but in the near foot. He was bled in the near foot, and got well immediately. The farrier had been poulticing the wrong foot, and I laughed a good deal at the mistake. But a feeling of shame almost directly crossed my mind, for I remembered that, for years, I too had been "poulticing the wrong foot"—applying remedies to the stomach for a disease in the brain—and was infinitely more deserving of censure than this poor uneducated farrier.

But thus it is with us all. We imbibe received notions with such undoubting faith, that it never once enters the mind to question their correctness—until some accident compels our thoughts in that direction.

It most commonly happens that the double teeth of dyspeptic patients decay, and indeed it is quite curious to observe what multitudes of persons have decayed teeth. So much so that,

at twenty years of age, to have a perfect set of teeth is the rare exception, instead of the constant rule, as it ought to be, and as nature clearly designed it should be. So true is this, that the business of pulling out, and stopping, and otherwise attending to decayed teeth, has become a profession of itself, and a lucrative one too. Now here again is a very curious fact which should teach us to think. How comes it that so many young persons, who have always lived the most temperate and even abstemious lives, should so constantly be losing their teeth, on the very threshold of life? This never happens to other animals. *Their* teeth don't decay and drop out till they have done with them—i. e. until they are about to die of old age! Has Nature dealt unfairly, and given to man a less durable and useful kind of teeth than to the dog or horse? Not she. Then how does it happen that they so constantly decay, often long before middle life? We are told it is the stomach. But there are many with decayed teeth who have nothing the matter with their stomachs. *This* reason, therefore, is untenable. The dentists say it happens on account of lateral pressure, one tooth against another. But I

have seen many instances of decayed teeth where they were naturally not even in contact. This may, in some rare instances, where the teeth are greatly crowded, be the cause. Though I doubt whether this *ever* happens. Because we frequently see when the teeth are set too closely together, that Nature *makes room* by throwing one or two teeth *out of* the range—causing them to grow outside or inside the others. *This* reason, therefore, is also untenable.

The *same* cause which disorders the stomach also disorders the teeth—and for the same reason, viz. because both stomach and teeth are supplied by nerves which come from the same part of the brain (medulla oblongata)—and because they partake of that irritation, and excitement, under which the *mother nerve* (if I may so speak), that is, the brain, out of whose substance they arise, is suffering.

The universality of disordered stomachs and decayed teeth, in certain classes, necessarily demands for its explanation something approaching to a universal cause. But neither intemperate living nor lateral pressure is anything like a universal cause. These, therefore, cannot be admitted. But the cause to which I

attribute them *is* a universal one—and so far, at least, suits the effect. It is also an *intelligible* one—one which the physiologist can clearly *understand.*

In tooth-ache the pain very generally shoots *upward*—into the head—that is, toward the brain. It never shoots *downward* into the stomach! Decayed teeth are sometimes found in children before there has been time for their brains to have become injured from any moral causes. In these cases, the weakly, irritable brain and nervous system were born with them; and they will generally, if not always, be found to be delicate children.

I know very well that irritation in a distant organ may be propagated to the brain, and then propagated again by the brain to another distant organ, and that thus a disordered stomach may cause the teeth to decay. In those of intemperate habits this may happen. But in the temperate, and those who enjoy otherwise good health, all whose other organs, except the stomach, are sound, this cannot be. Because it is just as difficult to account, in these cases, for the disordered stomach as for the disordered teeth, as I have before shown! This is only

shifting the difficulty from one point to another.

But even in the intemperate, from whose disordered stomachs irritation is propagated to the *brain* and *thence* to the teeth—even in these cases the immediate cause of the decayed teeth is still in the brain. The brain, in these cases, deriving its irritation from a source different from that from which it derives it in by far the majority of instances, viz. moral excitement.

And so, as sometimes happens, the stomach may become deranged from irritation set up in a distant organ—that irritation being propagated to the brain, and from the brain to the stomach. Still, even here, the disordered stomach arises *directly* from the brain.

My original general position, therefore, remains untouched. Decayed teeth and disordered stomachs and constipated bowels are alike the effects of cerebral irritation. The brain itself derives this irritation, in a few instances, from irritation in a distant organ. But both disordered stomachs and decayed teeth are constantly occurring in persons whose other organs are sound. In these cases, constituting a very large majority, the irritation of brain which

produces them is the result of *excessive mental excitement*—less sudden, less intense, than the excitement of fever, or of wine, or of a strong accidental moral cause—but of the same kind, and not the less certain in its irritating effects upon the brain because its operation is slow, and its steps more stealthy.

But there are some who will inquire: "In what consists this nervous excitement to which you attribute so much mischief?" Before I answer this question, I must entreat the reader to suffer his mind to dwell for a moment—no, not for a moment, but for several minutes—let him shut the book, and, while his fore-finger, inserted between the leaves, continues to mark the page at which he left off, let him reflect how completely we are all under the dominion of Custom—Custom, that greater tyrant than any whose deeds have blotted the page of history with human blood—that great actor whose stage is the world, on which he himself plays the Harlequin, and mankind the Clown—whom he kicks about like a foot-ball, hither and thither, at his own capricious pleasure. And not the least amusing part of the play is the unconcerned good-humour with which the

Clown receives this malicious treatment at the hands of Harlequin. He still continues to bustle about the stage, and to play his antic tricks with undisturbed gravity; reconciling himself with the utmost facility to every new transformation, and taking all things as matters of course.

The child who for the first time is shown a gay equipage is struck with admiration. He is delighted with the bright colours, and the glittering harness, and the beautiful horses, and the party-coloured livery. All these startle his senses and make a strong impression. But the child who is *born* to the every day use of these—the child with whom these are amongst the very first things which he sees in early infancy, forming a part of his very earliest and most dimly remembered associations—this child takes no note of these things. They have stolen, as it were, gradually and imperceptibly upon his senses, and not suddenly. They form a necessary and integrant part of the world in which he lives. They, therefore, attract no attention from him. He never talks about them, nor reasons about them, nor thinks about them, until he is *taught by others* to know

and to feel that the possession of these things gives him a sort of consequence in the eyes of those who cannot procure them. If his observation and experience were confined entirely to those alone who all kept equipages as gay as his own, *then* they would attract no more of his attention than any ordinary piece of household goods, as a knife or fork. If this child, having become a man, should lose his health, and were to set about endeavouring to ascertain the cause of his malady, he would as soon think of looking among his chairs and tables for the cause of his lost health as among his carriages and horses. He has been from infancy as accustomed to the daily use of his carriage as he has to the daily use of his knife and fork—he looks upon the one as the same sort of necessary article of domestic use as the other. He sees everybody else in the daily habit of using carriages, horses, knives and forks, tables and chairs. To him they all alike seem to be so many *necessaries of life*—and to ride in a carriage appears to be a part of the natural destinies of man. He would as soon think of looking to the moon, therefore, as of looking into his carriage for the cause of

his lost health. And yet it is just possible that too much riding in that very carriage, instead of taking more laborious exercise, might literally and really be the sole cause of his indisposition.

Now it is with society in England just as it is with this supposed child. We are all alike so thoroughly accustomed from infancy to certain peculiar modes of thought and modes life, as being *necessary and right*, that it never occurs to us to look amongst these for the *causes of evil.* In our search after the cause of diseases, therefore, these have almost altogether escaped our notice. In the earliest lessons of infancy, we are taught to look upon mental endowments as matters of the highest excellence, and most worthy objects of ambition. While we are taught also to look down almost with contempt upon endowments which are merely physical. A man of talent and genius is an object of universal admiration, while merely an extremely well-formed and strong man excites no attention. In a man to whom nature has given great genius we readily forgive a little vanity. We say, in such a man it is natural and

pardonable. But if a man show that he is in the slightest degree vain of his well-formed and athletic limbs—in the slightest degree vain of his person, he becomes instantly an object of ridicule. But why should this be so? There is no more merit due to a man for having been born a genius, without personal beauty, than for having been born with a good person without genius! In both instances they are merely the passive recipients of different gifts at the hands of nature. There is no exhibition of peculiar and personal *merit* in either case. It is true even to a proverb (poeta *nascitur* non *fit*) that no man can convert himself into a genius whom nature has not voluntarily made one. As there is no blame whatever, therefore, due to the helpless idiot for being an helpless idiot, so also is there no credit due to the brilliant genius for being a brilliant genius. Formerly it was the *custom* to look upon *physical* strength as the highest excellence. But custom has now decided that it shall be otherwise—and reason is no match for custom. *The Clown must obey the wand of Harlequin.*

As soon as we have become capable of thinking for ourselves, we look round, and

instantly perceive that there is now but *one* road to fortune—*mental* exertion; and but *one* road to fame—*mental* superiority. If we would live, we instantly perceive that it must be by the *sweat of the brain*, and not according to God's ordinance, by the sweat of the *brow*.

But we are not left to find all this out for ourselves. It is instilled into us, at every possible opportunity, from our very earliest childhood. And thus children are encouraged, and urged at school, to *wrestle* with each other —not with their infant limbs, but with their infant *brains*. If one boy, wrestling (literally) with another, kick his shins, and bruise them, making them look black and blue—the bruise is pointed at as a mark and sign of the "horrid barbarity" of the sport. Yet this insignificant bruise will be utterly gone in two or three days, and the bruised shins just as good as ever. But the very same persons, who are shocked at an insignificant bruise on the shin, will go on, with the utmost self-complacency, urging, and stimulating with every species of argument, temptation, bribe, and promise, these self-same boys to batter and bruise their young, and tender, soft and half-grown *brains*, one against

the other, year after year; and think they are doing them good service. While, in fact, they are inflicting upon them an amount of disease and feebleness, millions of times more important than a paltry bruise on the shin, and whose effects are to be manifested in after life, in the shape of some such maladies as those we are now considering. I say—I repeat—and I would cry it from the housetops, if I could—that those very persons who raise such an outcry against the cruelties inflicted upon the limbs and the health of the factory children, are guilty of a greater cruelty against their own offspring—are diligently and mercilessly sowing in their little and highly impressionable brains, the seeds of disease and future suffering, more important both in amount and intensity than any which could result from the mere excess of *physical* labour.

I, of course, here only mean those parents who are in the habit of sending their children to school at an early age. The confinement and mental exertion to which many of these children are submitted, and to go diligently through which they are spurred by every possible argument, is such as would be suffi-

cient to injure the health of a full-grown man. How many office-clerks lose their health simply and solely from their *confinement*. And wherein does this confinement of office differ from the confinement of school? And if the confinement of office and the mere mental drudgery of writing in ledgers and day books, where any act of *thought* or memory has so little concern, be too much labour for the brain and health of a *man*, with what show of reason can we suppose that these can be borne with impunity by the half-grown brain of a child? If a parent were seen urging, and tempting, and stimulating, and tasking his *child* to the performance of an amount of labour, with his *legs* and *arms*, sufficient to tax the health and strength of a full-grown man, all the world would cry, "Shame upon him! he will cripple his child with excessive work." Yet everybody seems to think that though the limbs of children cannot, without injury be urged and tasked to do the work of a man's limbs, yet that their brains may be tasked to any degree with impunity. What is there in the brain and its powers essentially different from the leg and *its* powers? Nothing whatever. But people seem to look upon the brain

as some extraordinary, mystical, magical something or other which is exempt from the ordinary laws which govern all the other organs of the body. The principal business of a child's brain, like that of a child's limbs, is to *grow*—and to acquire *strength*. *Thought, reasoning, reflection, study*—these constitute the natural work of a *man's* brain—as ploughing and sowing constitute a species of labour only proper for a *man's limbs*. *Play* is the proper business of a child's life.

Many an indigestion and many a constipation which have embittered the lives of their victims, making existence almost a curse, have had their foundations laid in the school-room. The over-tasked brain, compelled to appropriate so much of its own energies to its own labours, has too little to spare and to distribute to the other organs to enable them to perform their several offices—which they *all* do, and can *only* do, by *virtue of a power distributed to them from one or more of the three great nervous centres—the brain, the spinal chord, and the sympathetic ganglia.*

From the school-room the boy is sent, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to commence the

business of life—and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, to have the greater part of all he has acquired at the school of his childhood, by the injurious labour of seven or eight years, swept away by the lessons of this new school of his manhood—the school of the world—cleanly and completely, as with a broom.

But the *evils* of the first school are equally inseparable from the latter. As in the old, so in the new, it is still *work, work, work* for the brain, and *confinement* for the limbs.

By dint of incessant exertion of the faculties of his brain, and incessant confinement, for ten or twelve years, he is enabled to enter the third school—marriage, and business on his *own account.* And still the evil goes on, and now with greater vigour than ever, for now his own personal interests are more *immediately* and manifestly at stake. Everything now depends, more than ever, upon his own exertions. His parents are dead, and cannot help him—his capital is staked—he has three or four persons now to support instead of one—an establishment and certain appearances, and a certain position in the world, to maintain—his ship is now fairly afloat, and he and all his household

are embarked *in* her, and must sink or swim *with* her. His eye now watches the horison with redoubled intensity—his ear hears every varying sound of the wind with a painful acuteness —every sense is on the stretch to catch the first indications of any coming storm—while his brain is vividly impressed with the consciousness that the welfare of every creature in that vessel depends upon *him*—him whose hand alone it is that has undertaken to guide the helm, and trim the sails, and carry the vessel safely into port. The brain-work therefore still goes on, the only difference being the handsome addition of another item to the catalogue of evil influences—that *anxiety of mind* which is inseparable from personal responsibility.

What wonder that this individual, just when he has got his vessel within sight of harbour—just when the season for rejoicing has arrived—should find himself no longer able to rejoice at anything—that his faculties should be withered —his temper soured—his health broken up—the final *object* of all his labours utterly destroyed by the very *means* by which he so earnestly sought to obtain it. What wonder

that he should find himself a miserable and dyspeptic hypochondriac hurrying about, hither and thither, in search of his lost treasure, health—looking for comfort and enjoyment *everywhere*, and finding it *nowhere*.

The history of the life of woman, in this same sphere of society, is not greatly different. She has the same brain-taxation to support in childhood, and when she has embarked her fortunes with those of her husband, she cannot be an indifferent spectator of his toils, nor destitute of anxiety, nor free from responsibility. She has moreover other duties peculiar to herself, and duties too which cost her anxious thought and painful reflection; involving also much unwholesome confinement within doors.

I do not say that this is the fate of *all*. But I *do* say that it is, in a greater or less degree, the fate of many thousands. And I moreover say that *this* is the true cause—the source and fountain—whence flows upon society a continued stream of disease—especially of that kind so constantly and erroneously attributed to a weakened stomach and bowels, instead of an overtasked, excited, and exhausted brain—and that it is to *this* organ, and *not* to the

stomach that we must address the *remedy* if we would cure the *disease*. And it is this fatal error which constitutes the reason why this peculiar form of disease has hitherto baffled all skill and defied all remedies.

In the upper circles the case is essentially the same. There is the same mental drudgery at school as in the other instances. Then comes the excessive indulgence in all sorts of exciting and exhausting pleasures which their pecuniary circumstances enable them to purchase. Then comes the political arena, where the *struggle* is deadly as the gladiator's—and the *prize*, an unsubstantial shadow.

THE CURE OF CONSTIPATION AND INDIGESTION.

Since, in these diseases, the error lies neither in the stomach nor bowels, it is quite clear that it is vain to hope to cure them by remedies addressed to these organs. Stomachics, cordials, bitter infusions, mineral acids, alkalis, prussic acid, chalybeates, all these may be poured into the stomach by pailfuls (as they

daily are)—one might just as well apply a plaster to the little toe for a sore on the little finger, and expect to cure it, as to hope to cure indigestion and constipation by these drugs. In the case of mercurials and aperient medicines, it is still worse. For these not only do no good, but actually inflict great injury upon organs which were previously (in themselves) perfectly sound and healthy—besides literally increasing the disorders they were meant to remedy. The error lies in the nervous system—in an irritated, morbidly sensible, exhausted, and feverish condition of the nervous system—and nothing can cure these diseases but a remedy which is capable of soothing, cooling, strengthening, and hardening this system. And I am as convinced and certain as it is possible to be concerning any mere human affairs, that no remedy under the sun can cure these disorders except the hydropathic treatment. And every year I live, and the more I see of this method of treating these diseases, the more assured do I become of its inestimable value.

No kind of treatment can benefit these disorders which does not involve in itself *rest for the brain*—rest, total and entire—together with

the utter absence of all causes of excitement, physical and moral. And this is one among the many reasons why the treatment can never be effectively carried out at the homes of the patients. They must be *removed from the world,* and all those thousand and one little petty cares and annoyances, anxieties and vexations, (in the absence of great ones) which are inseparable from the world, and which are continually grating and jarring upon their morbidly sensible brains and nerves. Like an overwrought field, their nervous systems require to lie fallow.

CHAPTER III.

It has been made matter of complaint—printed and published argument—against the hydropathic system, that it is the invention of a mere German peasant. As though the value of a thing discovered could be in any way affected by the mode of its discovery. As though the true question were *not:* "Is the discovery *worth anything?*" but, "Who was the discoverer?" Such are the empty arguments to which it can *never* be necessary to resort except in support of a cause in favour of which *no better* can be brought.

But there is a kind of high professional Toryism amongst medical men—an *esprit de corps*—a pompous exclusiveness—a proud attachment to "their own order"—which will

admit of no officious interference emanating from any other order. Although an excessive and too exclusive attachment to "one's order" is (generally) amongst the first and most active causes of its downfall. They will not accept even a benefit from any but one of themselves. When anything is offered to them, they do not say: "Is it worth our acceptance?" but, "Who is the giver?" If it come from a medical man, it is accepted with deference—if not, it is returned to the donor, with their compliments, and they want none of his gifts." To say the least of it, this is anything but civil—certainly unwise—and moreover remarkably silly.

It is this very unphilosophic spirit which will not allow them to accept any particle of reformation, or new measure of law, or the means of removing any abuse, or any one new thing, however good, unless it emanate from one of their own body. And this is the prime and crying evil against which all reformation, all improvement, has to contend. It scarcely ever begins in the body requiring to be reformed. It is almost always forced upon them by the pressure from without. The moment this

pressure begins to be felt *within*, there is a unanimous spirit which instantly starts up in arms to resist it, by outcry, ridicule, reproach, sneers, jeers, and every species of wordy weapon—*except* legitimate argument.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the hostile feeling amongst medical men to this mode of treating diseases, there has never yet been *any one single* attempt made to show by calm, quiet, scientific argument, free from all passion, prejudice and clamour (which in such case would be unnecessary), either that it is dangerous, or that it is ineffective. It is quite impossible to believe that such solid arguments would not have been, long since, arrayed against it had *any such* really existed.

There is something in the present condition of the medical profession resembling that of the church before the Reformation. Its fundamental principles are sound and good, and remarkable for their simplicity. But, in the lapse of ages, it has totally lost its primitive character, and a most complicated and unintelligible machinery has usurped the place of its original simplicity. In the church, ceremony after ceremony crept in until religion became *all ceremony*.

The *heart* of the thing was lost—the intention of the ceremony overlooked—the *principle* of the thing forgotten. So in the profession of medicine, drug after drug has been added, until the entire practice has become *all drug*—and the beautiful and simple *principle* upon which the whole science of healing diseases is (avowedly) founded, viz. *that drugs can do no more than clear the way for Nature to work her own cures*, has been completely neglected.

As in the one, the *object* of the church was lost in the pride of the priest—so, in the other, the object of the profession seems to be merged in the pride of the professor.

In the church, the single and simple *object* of the establishment (the salvation of souls) was swallowed up and lost in the magnificence of the *establishment itself*. The simple and unobtrusive end was lost in the pomp and splendour of the dazzling means—as the morning star, bright and beautiful when seen alone, pales, and fades, and at last vanishes wholly, in the more garish brilliancy of the rising sun. The minds and senses of the ministers of religion were so preoccupied and filled with the powers, dignities, and circumstances of their office, that the

sole object for which that office existed was completely overlooked. Until it came at last to be almost supposed that religion had no object at all save to erect elaborate cathedrals, and other ornate, magnificent temples, for the sole purpose of conferring emoluments and dignities upon the high priests of her worship—merely to the end that they might revel in idleness, and wallow in the luxuries of the otium *sine* dignitate.

It is not far otherwise with the profession of medicine at this moment. The minds of her young disciples are so filled and preoccupied with the *preliminary learning* of their profession —and the importance of these *preliminary* studies is urged upon them with so much earnestness by their teachers—their minds are so filled with the wonders of minute anatomy—the discoveries of animal chemistry—the glorious revelations of the electrician's battery—the marvels of the microscope—the various means and contrivances for the detection of disease—and for discrimination between one disease and another—their minds are so deeply and constantly impressed, filled and preoccupied with these *preliminary* studies, that they are apt

to forget that they *are* preliminary and preliminary only. Yet these studies, however beautiful and interesting in themselves, are, to the medical man, *nothing*—nothing at all, save only as *means* to an end—and that end is the *healing of diseases*. If they be not this, they are nothing. If they be not this, they are *worse* than nothing —only serving to occupy that time and to distract that attention which should be exclusively devoted to this one object—the alpha and omega, the be-all and end-all of the physician's labours. Yet who will contradict me when I declare, that those studies which *directly* relate to the method of curing diseases, form the minutest portion of a medical man's education? Who will gainsay me when I assert, that the many elaborate sciences which, within these few years, have come to form so large a portion of our hospital studies, have not supplied us with *one* new remedy, nor enabled us to cure one single disease with more celerity and certainty than before. It is notorious throughout the whole profession that the only really great improvement in the physician's *practice* over that of bygone days consists in the *diminished quantity* of drugs which he exhibits—in the adoption of the

cooling regimen—and in trusting *less* to the powers of art and *more* to the powers of nature. And what are these but three long strides on the road towards the hydropathic system? And this great improvement was NOT the result of any scientific discovery, but merely of the plain general reasoning of men of strong common sense, who did not disdain to attend to the indications of nature, and to become her ministers, not her instructors. Thus when the poor patient was half suffocated with heat, they threw open the doors and windows—and when the husky petition for cold water broke piteously from the cracked lips and burning throat of Fever, they listened to the instinctive cry, and gave it him. But let me not be misunderstood. I by no means wish to undervalue these scientific studies, nor to insinuate aught against their importance. And it must not be forgotten that though medicine owes them *little*, surgery owes them *much*. I am only anxious that it should be borne in mind that they are *only* valuable as means to an end—that end being the cure of diseases. My own conviction is, however, that, with the exception of diagnosis and pathology, they are less valuable, even in this respect, than

general and philosophical reasoning on the nature of man, and the relations and analogies which exist between him and the rest of the sublunary existences. But to this more general reasoning, these more particular studies, rightly considered, undoubtedly contribute much assistance.

Dr. Hodgkin once related to me that while attending some foreign hospitals, (I think in Italy) it has occurred to him to see the physicians standing by the patient's bed-side, and to hear them describe the nature of the disease with the greatest truth and minuteness, pointing out the diagnostic symptoms with the most beautiful precision and accuracy, and then to observe them walk quietly away without saying one word about the treatment. And this might often just as well be the case in our own country. For notwithstanding the great strides which we have made in all that regards the nature and pathology of many diseases, together with the characteristic diagnostic (distinctive) symptoms of each, we are still, with regard to the means of cure, as nearly as may be, in *statu quo*, and should often act more wisely, if, like

the Italian physicians, we did nothing. Take, for example, valvular disease of the heart and tubercular disease of the lungs.

But the truth is, we are *ashamed to acknowledge* how little the learned sciences have contributed to the cure of diseases—those I mean which fall within the physicians province —and, having bestowed so much labour and pains in acquiring them, it hurts our pride when we behold another, wholly destitute of these, step forward with a remedy more important than any which have resulted from them, and which he has brought to light, and reduced to practice without their aid, by the assistance only of his own observation and common sense reasoning.

Yes—medicine has now her temples, her colleges, and her high places—her dignitaries, her pomps, and her ceremonials. To all this there can be no objection. They have their uses and their importance. But let not the simplicity of the end be obscured by the pomposity of the means.

Indeed it seems to me that medical men have really forgotten the very meaning of the term by which *themselves* designate *themselves*. For

the practice of *medicine* does *not* signify the practice of *drugs*—nor does the term "medical man" signify a drug-man, or exhibitor of drugs. If it did, then the term "*druggist*" would be the more appropriate designation. And indeed by using the word "medicine" in the sense of "drug," they do, in reality, degrade themselves into mere druggists—that is, exhibitioners of drugs—and a "practitioner in medicine" is thus made to mean a practitioner in drugs. This is indeed to bring down the pretensions of the medical profession to a low and most humble grade.

The word med-icine (from med-eor, to cure) signifies *whatever will cure diseases*, drug or no drug—and a medical man is one who professes simply to *cure diseases*—no matter how—no matter by what means—whether by drug or by water, or by magic or mesmerism. He professes to be simply a healer of diseases, and *not* as he seems ambitious to be thought, a mere druggist or exhibitioner of drugs.

The substitution of the word medicine for the word drug has, I verily believe, been the cause of this error, together with the substitution of the term medical man instead of the

word physician—which latter word signifies one who understands *nature,* that is, the nature of man, and is therefore competent to teach him how to regulate his habits so as to preserve his health, or so as to regain it when lost. And this is only *one* of the ten thousand instances in which the misuse of a word has led to the formation of erroneous opinions, and the consequent adoption of erroneous practice—in more professions than one.

It can only be this erroneous supposition, I think, viz. that our profession binds us to cure diseases by drugs and nothing but drugs, and that all practice except the drug practice is unprofessional and quackish, which makes medical men stigmatize with opprobrious epithets any of their professional brethren who, presuming to think for themselves, dare to adopt any remedy which is not a drug.

They may introduce as many new drugs as they please—nothing is said, so it be but a drug—every man gives it a fair trial—and if it succeed in only *one* form of disease which could not be cured before, (hydropathy can cure twenty) its inventor is extolled as a benefactor to science. And yet they will allow the hydro-

pathic treatment *no merit at all* because it cannot claim the miraculous merit of curing every disease under the sun. But if they introduce any alleged new remedy which is not a drug, forthwith they become quacks, impostors, self-interested scamps.

How unworthy is such conduct! how undignified! how emphatically LITTLE! how calculated to excite derision in the by-standers, and to bring the profession itself into contempt! How is it possible that the sick portion of the community should help exclaiming: "Alas! we are but a heap of poor bones, and yonder is a pack of dogs, quarrelling among themselves, as to who shall have the picking of us!" And this too, with a body of men, who are *supposed* to practise their profession rather for the love they bear it than for the mere emolument resulting from it. There are fictions in medicine as well as fictions in law—and certainly this, in the present day, is a medical fiction; but time was when it was *no* fiction, but a fact.

Such is not the case with other professions. The astronomer does not refuse to avail himself of any new or improved instrument of observa-

tion, though invented by the merest mechanic. The engineer does not refuse to avail himself of the means (discovered by a mere child who left his post in order to play a game at marbles)—the engineer, I say, does not refuse to avail himself of this *child's* discovery, in order to cause a certain valve in the steam-engine to open and shut, at the proper time, *without the attendance of a boy*, whose attendance was *before* indispensable to the performance of that office.

These men know and feel that they can afford to render unto every man the merit that is due to him for any contribution which he may have been enabled to make to their professional *means*—can afford to accept and acknowledge it thankfully—and *still* have enough left in their profession for themselves to be proud of, and whereon to build an honourable reputation. Do the members of the profession of medicine *feel* that if, by accepting it, they acknowledge themselves indebted to a poor German peasant for this one single remedy, that there will not be enough of honourable merit left in the profession for themselves? Can this one remedy do so *much*, and all their

other remedies so *little*, that there is danger of this one running away with all the credit of the whole pharmacopeia? There is no such danger.

The conception which I have formed of the character of a medical man is vastly different from that of those who can stoop—and these are *not* to be found amongst the men who stand at or near the head of the profession—vastly different, I say, from that of those who can stoop to the exhibition of such paltry jealousies. He who is a physician and *nothing more*—he whose practical knowledge merely consists in remembering that such and such a mixture is said to be good for a fever, and such and such a pill good for a cough; that such and such diseases are known by such and such symptoms, and that, in these cases, it is the *established practice* to give such and such drugs—he whose study of the relations which the several parts of man bear to each other, does not lead him to the far grander and more practically useful study of the relations which man himself bears to the rest of the creation—he whose anatomy differs only from the butcher's by the minuteness of the pieces into which he divides dead bodies—he who is not a philosopher as well as

a physician—falls also far short of that conception.

The medical men of ancient Greece and Rome were men of learning—not of that learning *only* which is technical and professional *merely*. They thought and wrote on matters of the most recondite nature. They took the entire universe for the subject of their studies. They were *philosophers*—not the mere tinkers of the human stomach. They were the high priests of knowledge; and, guided by the light, the very *little* light, which gleamed fitfully from her storehouse windows, they sought anxiously and earnestly after her most hidden mysteries. *They were searchers after the great truths of universal nature.*

The *ultimate* object peculiar to the physician is the ascertainment of everything relating to the physical nature of man—not merely the nature and composition of his structure—and the chemical laws by which the elements of that structure are governed, in the several changes which they are perpetually undergoing—but also of his general and external nature as a constituent part of the universe—of the one great scheme of things.

This is the ultimate object peculiar to the physician. But to reach this completely, his studies must range over a wide field of knowledge which is not peculiar to him—but which is equally cultivated by other students who are compelled, like the physician, to make it the ground-work of that more particular kind of knowledge which is the ultimate object of each.

This comprehensive knowledge is absolutely necessary to enable him to reason from generals up to particulars—from inorganic nature up to organic nature—from the general nature of things, *through* the subordinate organic kingdoms, up to the particular nature of man.

He should therefore be acquainted with at least the great fundamental principles of almost every science, because all these are laws of nature, and some of them are intimately connected with the economy, habits, and manners of living beings; and indeed some play an active part in the secret chambers of their organism. He should be for ever inquiring after *causes* and asking himself for *reasons*. His trade is to argue with himself upon all things—to doubt all things—to examine every-

thing—to believe nothing—until his judgment has been convinced either by his reason or the evidence of his senses, that he has found *the truth*. He should take nothing for granted—nothing upon trust—nothing upon authority.

Knowledge of the kind to which I have above alluded, and reflective and argumentative habits of mind like those just mentioned, are essential to the physician. They are essential in order to enable him to ascertain man's true position on the globe—the several relations which he bears to the external things and circumstances wherewith he is surrounded—the connexion between him and them, and the *medium* of that connexion—and also the analogies which exist between him and all other masses of organized matter.

It is of the highest possible importance to ascertain what are the habits proper to man, in order that he may be warned against such as are improper—and what are the influences which improper habits exercise over his health.

All this is absolutely essential in order to determine how far the habits of his patient are or are not in accordance with the ordinances of his nature—and how far his diseases are to be

attributed to these broken ordinances—to false positions—to wrong habits—to the establishment of false relations—to overlooked analogies—to mistaken notions of his own nature, and the requisites of his own happiness.

But to enable him to do this he should have no prejudices—no hobby-horsical theories—no favourite preconceived notions—no cherished opinions which he is not just as ready and pleased to part with as to maintain—he should be able to listen with precisely the same feelings to arguments *against* his own opinions as to those in their favour—indifferent to everything and all things saving only THE TRUTH.

He should *not* therefore possess acuteness of feeling. He who *feels* acutely can never *reason* correctly. He should possess no acuteness but acuteness of perception. He should have no passions but a passion for the truth.

He is the sole legislator for the public health. He should therefore be, as much as possible, a thing *apart* from the public, in order to enable him to reason correctly about the actions of the public. If he allow himself to become a partaker in the various interests, opinions, customs, and feelings which agitate and distract the

public world, he himself will become agitated and distracted, and the force of his judgment will be constantly opposed by the force of his feelings. With these he should have no concern. But, standing apart, *talking to himself*—a cool and calm spectator of the habits and manners of society, with which he has nothing in common—surveying them solely with a view to ascertain what influence these habits and manners have upon the human health—he should and *must* be able to look through the misty curtain of conventional prejudices into the clear daylight beyond.

The physician (as indeed the very term implies) should be emphatically the student of Nature and Nature's laws, that is, of the works of God, and the laws which he has laid down for their due maintenance and preservation.

Accustomed to observe and examine these, he is forcibly struck with the wonderful order, harmony, and regularity, unerring and uninterrupted certainty, with which all the minor pieces of machinery, of which the universe is composed, go on performing their functions, year after year, to the appointed end of their

existence. I have said all—but there is one remarkable exception, and only one. This single exception is the machinery of man. Struck with this strange exceptional phenomenon, he looks into every part of the machine, and examines all those internal springs which give it motion—life—in order to ascertain if there be any fundamental difference between these and those of the machines of the same kingdom, which can account for this exception—and he finds none.

He then renews his examination with a view of ascertaining whether there exist any elements of disease and premature decay within the machine, and constituting a part of its nature. No—the machine does *not* contain within itself any elements of disease or premature decay. On the contrary, like all the rest of nature's works, he finds it constructed with so much skill and wisdom that it is *impossible for it to go wrong* unless it be injured from without. He finds, therefore, that it is amongst the *external* causes and circumstances and influences with which man has surrounded himself, that he must look for the causes of the disorder within. Then, knowing that effects cannot cease until

their causes have been removed, he sees at once that the first great step towards the cure of any disease must be the removal of the external cause which produced it. When his attention is called, therefore, to the consideration of any individual case of disease, the first thing he has to do is to discover what particular external influence, habit, act, or series of acts, it is which has caused it. Having discovered and removed this, the next thing is to remove its effects—that is, the disordered condition into which the operation of this cause has thrown the machinery. But how is he to set about this? What has he to guide him in his search after the *means* of rectifying the machine? What data has he whereon to found any process of reasoning which may lead him to the discovery of any one drug or mineral which has power to remove this disease? Nothing—nothing whatever. And if he have to trust to these for the cure of diseases, he has nothing for it but to wait until accident, pure accident, brings them to light. His reasoning faculties are of no use—he has nothing to found upon—nothing to begin with—no *point d'appui*. There is no connexion, no natural relation whatever, be-

tween diseases and drugs—there is nothing whatever, in any one disease, which can by any possibility lead the physician to form the most remote guess that such and such a particular drug or mineral has the property of curing that disease, or *any* disease.—Every drug-remedy, without any exception whatever, has been the discovery of the purest accident—the blindest chance. Neither is there anything whatever in these drugs and minerals themselves, in their appearance, or other sensible qualities, which could lead the physician to suppose *à priori* that this or that particular drug could exert any beneficial influence over this or that particular disease. How could any man, by any possibility, guess, from the appearance or taste of the rhubarb plant, that its root possessed the property of opening the bowels. Nothing but the blindest chance could disclose this fact: and so of all other drug-remedies. The physician, therefore, who will practice with nothing but drugs, is the very perfection of empirics. It is *he* who is the true empirics. His entire practice, from beginning to end, is pure empiricism, and *literally* nothing else. Reasoning does not enter into his system of practice.

He does not know, and cannot render to his patient, any reason whatever for giving this or that particular drug, excepting that it *has been found* to produce such and such effects. And this is reason sufficient; but it is a perfectly *empirical* one for all that; and one with which his own reason or judgment has nothing whatever to do; and, therefore, this kind of practice is one which may be just as well practised by an old woman as by the most learned physician in the world. For if an old woman has found, by accident, that bark will cure the ague, and if her neighbour get the ague, and consult the old woman, the old woman will give him bark and cure him—and the physician could do no more. It is the most gross and ridiculous perversion of terms, therefore, for the drug-physician to call the hydropathic practitioner an empiric.* The fact is just the contrary.

* Of course I have no concern, either here or anywhere else, with any kind of practitioner but the regularly educated professional man. As there are quack practitioners in medicine, so there are quack practitioners in hydropathy. But as the ordinary writer on the practice of medicine does not concern himself, nor stop even to mention, the errors and follies and absurd opinions of

For an empiric is one who *cures diseases by nostrums*—that is, *by particular drugs which he asserts or believes have proved themselves aforetime to be good for particular diseases, without pretending to be able to show any reason why they should be so*—and he is the best physician who is acquainted with the greatest number of nostrums. Thus, if a patient consult a physician for ague, he gives him bark. But if the patient ask *why* he gives him bark, he cannot tell, nor does he even pretend to know—any more than the old woman who gives the same drug for the same complaint. This then is pure empiricism—a practice in which *reason* has no concern.

With the hydropath the fact is just the contrary. The hydropath's practice is founded *mainly* on *reasoning*, as we shall see directly. He does not refuse to avail himself of those few drug-remedies which undoubted experience has proved to be useful in certain cases. And thus far—that is, just as far as his practice tallies with that of the drug-physician, and no

the drug-quacks, so neither need the writer on hydropathy trouble himself about the errors and follies and absurd opinions of hydropathic quacks.

further, he also is an empiric. And just so much of his practice as consists in the exhibition of drugs, and no further, his practice also is empirical. The only empirical part of the hydropath's practice, therefore, is precisely *that part* which he still retains of the old drug-practice.

As I have said, the hydropath does not reject those few drugs which experience has proved to be good. He only rejects those which experience has not proved to be good—those which experience has, in fact, demonstrated to be productive of nothing but evil—that multitude of pernicious drugs with which physicians *speculate*, whenever they meet with cases (which is every day) for which they have no known and proven remedy. The practice of the ordinary practitioner is all drug, all nostrum—and therefore all empiricism. The practice of the hydropathic physician is not all drug—only a small part of it is drug—and therefore only a small part empiricism. And all that far larger portion which is not founded on empiricism is founded on *reason*.

But to return. Having ascertained the cause of the disease, and removed the patient from its

influence, the next question is: "How to rectify the disordered machinery—how to cure the disease." Now here the drug-physician, the true empiric, comes to a dead stop. Reason cannot guide him a single step—for, if he be not in possession of any nostrum which accident has already revealed (and these are extremely few) as good for the particular disease for which he is consulted, the *à priori* reasonings of a whole college of drug-physicians could not carry him an inch towards the discovery of the drug capable of curing that disease, even if any such *did* exist.

But the hydropath does *not* look upon disease as some palpable entity to be poisoned with a pill, or choked with some nauseous draught, as the only means of getting rid of it. He sees in disease nothing but the effects of causes. In what the patient calls his disease—his pain or his eruption—he sees nothing but wrong effects, the product of wrong causes. The hydropath reasons thus. He says: these effects will and must continue so long as the cause which produced these continues in operation. It is in vain for me, therefore, to be tinkering at these effects with all sorts of ointments, lotions,

and potions, pills, purgatives, and opiates. *My* concern is with the *cause*—at least my first and chief concern. I may *suppress* an eruption by an ointment. I may smother a pain by an opiate. But both will infallibly return. If I would permanently cure my patient I must remove the cause.

But effects will not always cease when the original cause has been removed. What, then, is the hydropath to do towards removing these effects after he has removed their cause. As we have already seen, there is no light whatever to guide him towards any drug-remedy. Here, where the drug practitioner comes to a dead stop for want of a drug or nostrum to serve his purpose, the hydropath calls in the aid of his reason.

He observes that if he cut his finger, and do nothing to it, a new set of actions are set up in the part which did not exist before—a particular kind of matter, called coagulable lymph, is poured into the wound, and glues the cut sides together—and it soon heals and gets well. If he bury a thorn in his hand, and do nothing to it, *another* new set of actions is instituted in the part, and *another* kind of matter is formed,

called pus, by which the thorn is loosened and drops out, and the wound gets well of itself. He observes that, among the poor especially, persons get fevers, children get measles, and other complaints, and frequently get well without doing anything at all. He knows that, if a man break his leg, and do nothing but lie quiet, the broken bone will become reunited, without the aid of any surgeon but nature. Reasoning upon these observed phenomena for his data, he says: it is clear, that the animal machine contains within itself *its own physician*—it is quite manifest that nature, foreseeing that the machinery of the animal system would be liable to accidental disturbances, has provided it with a self-restorative power—a sort of compensating principle—by virtue of which the machine rights itself whenever the irritating or disturbing cause has been removed. Reasoning onward, he sees how very imperfect the machine would have been without such a power. Without such a power, life would be constantly extinguished prematurely by the accumulation of wounds and injuries. If a boy cut his finger, that cut would continue to gape, and to bleed, and to hurt him, as long as he lived—and so on

of all other accidents and disorders. For it must be remembered that medicine and surgery have only been studied as sciences, properly so called, within these very few years, and that even now they are so studied only on a very small portion of the earth's surface—and that there were not *always*, and are not now *everywhere*, medical men and educated surgeons. In a state of nature, nature herself is the only physician.

Still studying and pondering over the great book of nature, he finds that although this self-restorative or self-curative power can never be, in the slightest degree, *supplied* by art, yet that it can sometimes be *assisted* by art.

And this is the great and crying error which all the drug-practitioners make. They seek in their practice to make their drugs SUPPLY THE PLACE of this self-curative power. Although in their theoretical reasonings they are compelled to acknowledge that the very best and most useful of them can do nothing more than *assist* it.

If a man break his leg and lie quiet, the broken bone will re-unite and the limb will be as *strong* as ever. True—but it will not be

straight, and it will be *shorter* than it was before, for want of having had the two broken extremities brought into accurate and proper contact—broken end to broken end. The contraction of the muscles will cause the broken ends to *overlap each other*, and they will be united by their sides. Now, had a surgeon set this leg, he would have prevented the limb from becoming crooked and shortened by bringing the broken ends into exact apposition, and by keeping (by means of splints) the limb in a straight position; but he could have contributed nothing whatever towards the reunion, nor towards the pouring out of that ossific matter or cement, by which the reunion is effected. In this case art *assists* nature—and this assistance merely consists in holding the bones in a proper position while nature effects the cure, in order to prevent deformity.

And this is all that art can do in any case. It can assist nature, but never supply her place, nor do her work, nor any part of it. The human machine is so wondrous a work that no hand can mend it but the hand that made it.

So again if a man have an accumulation in the bowels, art can give him an aperient and

unload them—if in the stomach, an emetic and empty it. If his blood-vessels be too full, art can relieve them by means of her lancet. And in effecting these objects, she is assisting nature by removing impediments from the course of her operations. But when art has done these things, she has got as nearly as may be to the end of her tether. Having removed these impediments and obstructions, the machine must right itself—the physician *within* must do the rest.

The hydropathic physician sees and acknowledges that he can do no more than remove causes and *assist* nature, and *acts* upon that principle. The drug-physician *acknowledges* the same principle, but does *not* act upon it.

The first thing the hydropath does is to remove his patient from the turbulent and exciting scenes of active life. He takes him into his own house, where he takes care to keep him out of the reach of all *unwholesome* causes. He keeps him constantly, night and day, exposed to the influence of *nothing but wholesome* causes—whether it regards diet, drink, air, mode of sleeping at night, or any other habits

whatever. He takes care that *all* his habits are such as contribute towards health. It is like transplanting a sickly shrub from an unwholesome soil (which soil has been the cause of its sickliness) into a wholesome one—or one that is suited to its nature. Having done this, the plant recovers its health, strength, and luxuriance.

Having thus removed his patient from the sphere of all unwholesome habits and influences, he next proceeds still further to assist the operations of nature in effecting the cure; and he does so, not by any contrivance of his own, but by *intensifying* the effects of certain of nature's *own contrivances*—contrivances expressly appointed by her for the preservation and restoration of his health. He intensifies the causes of health, and therefore intensifies their effects.

I must endeavour to explain more familiarly what I mean by intensifying the causes of health, and by intensifying the effects of nature's own contrivances for the preservation of health.

Exercise is a cause of health. The hydropathic physician makes his patient take treble

the exercise that he has been accustomed to, and thus *intensifies* the beneficial operation of this cause upon his system.

The skin is one of nature's own contrivances for throwing morbid matters out of the system. The hydropath makes his patient sweat more than perhaps he ever sweated before, and thus he *intensifies* the operation or effects of this contrivance of nature—the secreting apparatus of the skin. Cold is known to have a strengthening and constringing effect upon the animal fibre, sharpening the appetite, improving digestion, and strengthening the nerves, and lightening the animal spirits, while heat produces the opposite effects. Cold is therefore a cause of health. The hydropathic physician makes his patient frequently plunge into cold water, and thus intensifies the good effects of *this* cause of health. And so on with regard to the whole routine of his practice.

Thus it is all founded on reason—on reasoning concerning the nature of man, the nature of disease, and the means which nature herself adopts for the preservation and recovery of his health. It is all founded on reason—excepting that very small and empirical part which is still

retained of the old empirical practice; and which consists in the exhibition of a few drugs which are known to cure certain diseases, although nobody knows why or wherefore.

But even the causes of health and strength appointed by nature herself may be intensified *too intensely*. Thus, eating is a cause of health. But *excessive* eating is a cause of disease. And herein the skill of the hydropathic physician is manifested, viz. in intensifying the causes of health up to the capabilities of each individual patient, but never beyond it.

The hydropath, who constantly keeps the book of nature spread before his eyes, makes her his guide in all things, and is proud to acknowledge himself nothing more than her pupil and servant, observes that there are certain morbific poisons, as, for instance, the virus of small-pox, which she cannot get rid of by means of any of the ordinary outlets of the body. He observes, in these cases, that she establishes *new outlets*, in the shape of little abscesses, called pustules—or in the shape of vesicles, resembling little blisters—and sometimes in the form of abscess or boil. He observes that all strangers who go to settle at

Aleppo or Bussora, never become perfectly acclimated or healthy until a large boil, called Bouton d'Alep, has made its appearance on the cheek; but that as soon as this has come and gone, the health becomes fully established, and he suffers no more from the climate in future than a native. Observing then these things, and moreover having remarked that by intensifying the operation of cold he can sometimes produce boils upon the skin, he endeavours to do so in all those cases where there is sufficient reason for supposing that the disease may depend upon the presence of morbific matters in the blood—or where the counter-irritation of a crop of boils seems likely to be beneficial. Even here, therefore, he still takes nature for his guide, and does but imitate the physician within.

After all this reasoning, the result of all these observations, he concludes, and says to himself: I am quite certain that man is not a tin kettle. I am quite certain that he cannot be mended, after the manner of a tin kettle, by any tinker or human artificer whatsoever. Or, if the drug-physician will have it that he is little more than a tin kettle, then I am quite convinced

that every such kettle contains within itself its own tinker—and that all the human tinker can do is first to clean the kettle, and then to hold it still, and keep it in the most convenient position for the tinker within to do his work.

In short, he beholds, in the animal system, a piece of workmanship so wondrous and so fundamentally different from any human work, that no human skill can either imitate it when perfect, nor mend it when impaired. It is a machine whole, entire, complete in itself—containing within itself the power of repairing its own injuries—governed by the continual operation of certain laws peculiar to itself, and all strongly tending towards the preservation of order, or the state of health. He says: whenever the machine becomes disordered, this disorder is the result of one or more broken laws —and that to remove this disorder it is necessary to bring the broken laws into operation again—and (if this be not sufficient) to intensify their operation until the state of health is renewed.

It has been alleged against this treatment that it is too simple to be very useful. To me its simplicity is one of its highest excellences,

and one of the best proofs that it is founded in truth and nature.

If it were possible that one so little known as myself could make his voice heard, I would implore medical men to give this treatment a fair and dispassionate trial. I would beseech them no longer to look upon it as a mere quack innovation—I would pray of them to take no thought, care, or heed as to whence it came, or who discovered it, or who introduced it here, or whether it be or be not extolled beyond its real merits, and often misapplied and abused—to take no heed of any of these things, they being matters which really and truly have nothing whatever to do with the question—but to look steadily at the remedy, and nothing but the remedy—to examine it, to reflect upon it, and to try it. And it is my most conscientious conviction—my most sacred belief—that whoever gives it a fair trial under the sole control and exercise of his own professional reason and judgment—taking no heed of what he may have heard or read concerning it, excepting for the mere details of its employment—will find in it an available remedy, of powers varied

and efficient, of which at present he little dreams.

A truly philosophic mind is never too proud to *learn* from any source, however mean. Sir A. Cooper once acquired a most useful hint from a notorious bone-setter, whose practice he did not disdain to make a journey on purpose to witness. But he who is so puffed up with professional pride as not to stoop to learn anything, unless it come straight from the professor's chair, will never do aught towards the improvement of his profession or the aggrandizement of his own honour. There are men who, having nothing in themselves whereon they can rely for distinction—conscious that whatever importance attaches to them is borrowed from their profession, and belongs to the doctor and not to the man—seek to augment this second-hand distinction by an undue assumption of professional pride and professional exclusiveness. Having nothing to be proud of in themselves, they are but so much the more proud of "their order," and cling with ridiculous tenacity to every species of form and etiquette and professional usage, as though these were matters of

the very highest moment. These are they who are ever the foremost and loudest in the outcry against innovators, although it may often happen that the talent and professional judgment of one of those innovators would outweigh a million of such empty and sonorous beer-barrels—only sonorous because empty.

As I have already said, every branch of medical science has made the noblest advances except that branch which merely consists in curing diseases. We already know when the machine goes wrong, where it goes wrong, and how and why it goes wrong. All we now want is the means of making it go *right*. It is in *remedies* that we are so lamentably deficient—in remedies, the great end and object of all the physician's studies, and without which all his learning is mere moonshine—remedies, the only thing about the physician which is worth a beanstalk to the patient—the only thing for which he pays his money *to* him, and the only thing which he does not get *from* him. Is it not marvellous, is it not monstrous, under these circumstances, that medical men should systematically and simultaneously rise up in bristling hostility against every reported new

remedy, which does not happen to be a poisonous drug, instead of eagerly flying with open arms to receive it, to examine it, and try it, as common sense would naturally induce them to do? It is true that they will be often deceived, often disappointed. It is true that a great many absurd and impossible things will almost always be said, at first, concerning any new remedy, (as, for instance, in the case of hydropathy) both by the well-intentioned but ignorant amongst those who have benefited by it, as well as by the merely self-interested, who would clothe it with an air of mystery and miracle suited to the taste of those who love the marvellous better than the true. What then? The labour of making these examinations and trials form a part, or rather should form a part, of their professional business. I say it is their bounden duty, as the trusted conservators of the public health, to pay more attention to this branch—I mean the remedial branch—of their vocation. I say it is their bounden duty to examine everything, to try everything, scornfully to reject nothing, to cull out of everything that which is good, letting go only that which is useless—and this applies espe-

cially to whole hosts of drugs, which are not only useless but pernicious—and finally to hold fast that which they have attained and thus to go on unto perfection. But they sit in judgment without evidence, and pass sentence without trial. If indeed they were already well supplied with drug-remedies, the case would be different. There might then be some excuse for sneering at any other means of cure—there might then be some excuse for hanging sarcasms on their upturned noses against every alleged remedy which was not a drug. But it is notorious to all the world, and not concealed by themselves—for concealment is impossible—that they have not one single efficient remedy for one patient out of every hundred who go to consult them. What says the late Dr. James Johnson in his very last work—a Tour in Ireland? His words are these: "*I will go further, and declare it to be my most conscientious opinion, that if there were not a single physician, or surgeon, or apothecary, or man-midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less mortality amongst mankind than there is now.*" The celebrated Dr. Baillie, too, who enjoyed perhaps the largest and most

fashionable business that ever fell to the lot of any physician in the world, declared, after forty years of practice, that he "*had no faith in physic*;" and, on his death-bed, he frequently exclaimed: "*I wish I could be sure that I have not killed more than I have cured.*" What is there in these drugs then that can wed medical men so insanely to their exclusive use?

But though the opinion expressed by Dr. James Johnson I believe to be most religiously true, yet it does *not* follow that drugs can do *no* good. It is from their excessive, incessant, and exclusive use that this great and crying evil results.

Let the hydropathic practitioners, who will have water, all water, and nothing but water—let them beware I say, that they do not stain the new practice with the same crimson shame wherewith the old is so deeply dyed.

If medical men would give themselves the trouble to think, they would remember that water, after all, is by no means an unprofessional remedy. As a remedy, it is as old as the hills, in almost every country, civilized or barbarous, under the sun—and as a *professional*

remedy, has been used from the time of Hippocrates up to the present moment.

The actual difference between the practice of the hydropath and that of the ordinary practitioner is less than at first sight it seems to be. The men of the old school are in the daily habit of using cold water—aye, and the wet sheet too, without knowing it. The only difference is that the hydropath uses it to a greater extent, and in a greater variety of diseases. The ordinary practitioner makes the use of water secondary to that of drugs. The hydropath makes the use of drugs secondary to that of water. The hydropath says to the ordinary practitioner: "You are in possession of a remedy which you don't know how to use. You don't understand one half its value. Where you cure one disease by its aid, you might cure twenty. In inflammation of the brain you apply it to the head. Why not, in inflammation of the liver, apply it to the right side? and to the chest in inflammation of the lungs? In the reduction of strangulated hernia by the taxis, you use it to relieve the spasm. Why not use it to relieve the spasms of the stomach and bowels? When any small part of the skin becomes dry, heated, inflamed,

you apply a piece of linen cloth dipped in cold water. What is this piece of linen cloth but a little wet sheet? And when the whole surface of the body is heated, dry, and parched, as in fever, why not apply a *larger piece of linen cloth dipped in cold water*—in other words, a *wet sheet?* In literal truth it is these two unlucky words "wet sheet" which have so absurdly alarmed men's minds. Call it by another name—call it a *piece of linen cloth dipped in cold water and applied to the heated surface,* and all its imaginary terrors vanish. The wet sheet as used by the hydropath is as totally different from the damp sheets sometimes put on beds at ill-regulated inns, as any two things can well be—as different as a dose of calomel administered by a skilful physician at the proper time, and in a proper case, from a dose of calomel administered by the mistake of a careless servant who accidentally mixes it with the butter wherewith he butters his master's toast. In hœmorrhage from the uterus, you use it to *constringe* the bleeding vessels. Why not use it to constringe the capillary vessels in that multitude of diseases depending on a relaxed and therefore congested condition of *these* vessels,

the capillaries. The tonic and sedative properties of cold water have been acknowledged in all ages and countries. But, like many other of our most valuable remedies, it has been *out* of fashion and *in* fashion several times. In Queen Ann's reign it was in fashion. In the present day, owing to our luxurious habits, it is out of fashion. The same thing has happened to Peruvian bark, avowedly one of the most valuable medicines we possess. This was at one time so out of fashion that it was sold at eighteen-pence a pound. Then it came so much into fashion, and the demand for it was so great, that it was sold at five guineas a pound. At the present time quinine, which is the principle of Peruvian bark, sells at fifteen shillings an ounce. The truth is that every medical man is, more or less, a hydropath. The difference is that the ordinary practitioner only uses it in a little fiddling, bungling, fiddle-faddle, ineffective manner, and in only a very few cases, to which few, however, it is not a whit more applicable than it is to multitudes of others.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

I have had occasion to dwell somewhat on the hostility manifested by medical men towards this treatment. But there are many exceptions to this—and the number of those exceptions is increasing daily. It is not amongst the heads of our profession that this hostility exists. It is not amongst men of acknowledged talent—not amongst men capable of *thinking for themselves* —not amongst men who enjoy large practices—but it is amongst the great bulk of those medical practitioners who are medical practitioners, and——nothing more. It is amongst that set of men to whom the same observation so strictly applies, which is so universally applicable, and in so marked a manner, to the great mass of the body politic—the servum pecus of society—viz. that they are utterly incapable of thinking for themselves—of thinking independently of all foregone conclusions and previously received *notions*. These can play at no game but that of "Follow my leader."

I have had patients recommended to me by two or three of the first surgeons in England; and I have heard many others speak of the

treatment with respect. It is only a few days since one of the senior surgeons to the largest hospital in London said publicly, in one of the wards, in the presence of both pupils and patients, that he had a case of *syphilitic* rupia which he had treated for months without the slightest benefit, and who had afterwards made a voyage to Madeira solely with purpose to recover his health, but had returned just as bad as when he started; but who had since been perfectly cured by the hydropathic treatment.

I am not what I must call (for want of a better term) a whole-hog hydropathist. I should scorn myself if I were so. I should hold myself *criminal* in being so. To become such I must belie my reason, pervert my senses, falsify my judgment, and give the lie to the testimony of my own experience. Yet I am at the head of a hydropathic establishment, and may at least claim credit for giving an honest judgment, in whatever I may say having a tendency to diminish the merits of a treatment by which I live. I have had three cases at Stanstead Bury House, every one of which must have terminated fatally, had I blindly and

obstinately confined my efforts to the use of water alone. One of these was a gentleman who happened to have an old stricture; total suppression of urine came on suddenly and unexpectedly—nothing on earth could have saved his life but the timely introduction of the catheter. This case, however, as well as the other two, by bringing a portion of the old treatment in aid of the new, did perfectly well. I want to see this treatment adopted in a *professional manner*—I want to see it divested of all mummery and false pretences—not adopted in all cases indiscriminately, but applied only to a judicious selection from such cases as, from their nature, may be rationally considered as likely to be benefited by its application.

People will sometimes die at hydropathic establishments as well as everywhere else. But it is surely absurd as well as dishonest to attribute every such case to the treatment.

The skin is a most important excreting organ, destined to carry out of the body a larger daily amount of matters no longer fit to be retained within it, than any other organ, except perhaps the lungs. If the bowels become a little costive and stopped, people's fears are instantly awak-

ened. Yet they suffer their skins to be continually costive, and its myriads of little spiral pores perpetually stopped, and seem to have no idea that this destruction of function in the skin can be productive of disease. I attribute much of the efficacy of the treatment to its action on the skin, and the certainty with which it restores its functions.

It is well known to medical men that their prescriptions often fail because the concomitant advice with regard to exercise, cleansing the skin, diet, early hours, abstinence from stimulants, and from moral excitements, are not, and indeed cannot be, carried out regularly and systematically at the houses of their patients. Is it possible to doubt that a course of any particular medicine, deemed necessary for any particular disease, would be twenty times more likely to achieve its purpose, if taken where attention to these matters of the skin, air, exercise, diet, &c., constitute, for the time being, the chief business of the patient's life? For my own part I think these establishments, when properly and rationally conducted, are precisely the sort of things which professional men wanted, in order to give efficacy to their own

treatment, and to insure attention to their own recommendations. I am quite sure that if they sent their chronic cases to these establishments, instead of hurrying them off to the continent like a covey of sick partridges, many of them would far oftener return to thank them for their advice than they do now.

DURATION OF THE TREATMENT.

"How long will it be necessary for me to remain under the treatment?" This is a question always asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. The treatment operates by gradually and slowly working an entire change throughout the whole system—by cleansing and improving the quality of the blood—by restoring all suppressed or deficient secretions—by strengthening the muscular fibre of the heart—by bracing up the nervous system—by *giving rest* to the brain. It is quite clear, therefore, that some considerable time must be allowed for all this. *Under the operation of unhealthy causes* the patient has probably been gradually *growing into disease* for several years. When he has

been removed from the influence of these and placed under the operation of the several wholesome causes which go to make up the entire of the hydropathic system, time *must* be allowed for him to *grow back again* into the state of health. Two or three months is the *minimum* time in which any important amount of *permanent* good can be effected, except where the amount of disease is neither very great nor very important. But, in old and inveterate cases, six months, nine months, twelve months, and occasionally even more, will frequently be necessary. It is too much to expect from *any* treatment, which is not miraculous, that a disease which has been striking its roots deeper and deeper into the system, year after year, for ten years, shall be cured in as many weeks.

There is a great advantage resulting to the patient from his living always under the eye of his medical adviser; who often gleans more information from his own silent observations, when the patient does not know that he is watched, than he could obtain in any other way. Some trifling circumstance will sometimes reveal the cause of disease, making all clear in

a moment, like the sudden solution of an enigma. I remember, when I was in practice in London, having a child brought to me about two years old. From its great emaciation, it resembled nothing so much as a monkey. It was *not* a case of atrophy, although it had all the emaciation of that disease. After several weeks of close attention to this case, I could make nothing of it, nor effect any improvement. One morning I observed that it kept its fore-finger constantly rubbing behind its left ear. Taking this obscure hint I ordered six leeches to be applied behind that ear. The effect was perfectly magical. The child instantly began to improve—it seemed as though a weight had suddenly been lifted from the springs of life—and the child recovered its health with the most marvellous rapidity. These are the sort of hints which a man may often gain when he has the opportunity of constantly watching his patient. I lately had a case at Stanstead Bury House of a very anomalous nature. From the patient's account of his own sensations, I could not at all satisfy myself as to what was the matter; and he had been some weeks in my house

before I discovered that it was neither more nor less than a *masked ague*. I treated him accordingly, and he speedily recovered.

Another great advantage of this treatment is, that where it fails to cure the particular disease for which it is administered, it *never* fails to strengthen and otherwise improve the general health, to a greater or less extent. Another great advantage is, that the strength which it gives is *permanent*—so different from the generally mere temporary strength which results from drug-tonics.

One word I must here say on the subject of the union, in certain cases, of medicines with the water treatment. There is nothing whatever in the one which should preclude the judicious use of the other. No sensible reason, nor any reason at all, that I am aware of, can be assigned why, in certain cases, they should not be conjoined. I can only say that I have frequently succeeded by uniting the two, after each had decidedly failed when employed separately.

DIET.

The older writers abound in grave frivolities on this subject. They attributed certain mystical effects to particular articles of food—flesh, fish, fowl, game, &c. They supposed the *nature* of the living animal was imparted to those who fed upon it when dead, with many other absurdities of the like nature. Some of these antique sillicisms, however, still linger in the popular mind, and the subject of diet still abounds in mistakes and fallacies. Many substances have been supposed to be *hard* of digestion, because they are *hard* in themselves, *hard* to be chewed, *hard* of solution in water, &c. People have unconsciously established in their own minds a resemblance between the process of digestion, and the processes of chewing and solution in water, only because the same word *hard* can be and is applied to all. Biscuits have been thought to be constipating because they are *dry*. Hard eggs are thought to be hard of digestion simply because they are hard in themselves. Beef, however lightly salted, is shunned like poison, because it has been found that sailors, who live upon salt beef and biscuit

and *nothing else* every day for years, get the scurvy. It is now, however, known and proved that the scurvy arose from the absence of fresh vegetables and vegetable *acids*—although living on one particular kind of meat every day for years, whether it be salt beef or fresh mutton, is certainly not a wholesome practice. It was at last discovered that a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables and lemon or lime juice would *cure* the scurvy. These are now made to enter into the diet of the sailor, and scurvy is now almost an unknown disease. Thus the true cause of scurvy has been discovered, but the old rooted prejudice against corned beef still remains. The prisoner has been tried and pronounced "not guilty," but his character is still tainted—everybody shuns him—and truth herself has been unable to wipe out the mark with which, like the curse of Cain, prejudice has branded his brow.

Cheese (pressed curd) is another supposed culprit which has been kicked out of the society of all respectable viands by the physician. Now cheese is the food of all infants from the moment of birth until they have cut their teeth. And it is extremely difficult to suppose that nature

would have selected this particular article as the sole and peculiar food of young and tender infants if it really were so particularly hard of digestion as is generally supposed. Cheese is nothing but the curd of milk separated from the whey by means of rennet, that is, a portion of the stomach of a calf. In infancy this separation is effected by the stomach of the infant. The whey passes off by the kidneys, and the child is nourished by the cheese or curd which is left. But curd does not take the name of cheese until it has been made hard by pressure. And now, because it is hard to the touch, it is supposed that it must be hard of digestion—a most illogical, unscientific, and false conclusion. The hardness or insolubility of any viand in water has nothing whatever to do with its propriety or impropriety as an article of diet.

But let me not be misunderstood. Because I assert that there is nothing particularly unwholesome in any of these things, and show the fallacy of that reasoning which has expelled them from the dietary of every invalid, it by no means follows that I am recommending them as *particularly* wholesome. Cheese is not the proper food of man, but of infants. It contains

only one of the three elements of nutrition—caseine. So hard eggs, though certainly more likely to agree with a weak stomach than soft or raw ones, are not the proper food of man. These also contain only one element of nutrition—albumen. The reason why these things, therefore, are improper, is *not* because they disagree with the stomach, but because they carry into the system only one of the elements of nutrition, whereas man requires all three. So, again, I am not recommending people to live upon salt beef every day in the year. But I *do* mean to say that no sensible reason can be given why this joint should be altogether banished from table—why a round of beef should not be occasionally allowed to show his honest face before company.

Many a reader will here stop on purpose to exclaim: "I don't care a fig for all this. I know, because I feel, that hard eggs, veal, boiled beef, or cheese, always disagrees with me whenever I eat it." Very well then, why do you ever eat it? There is no rule without exception, and there is no one article of food on the hither side of the moon which won't disagree with somebody or other. I know per-

sonally a gentleman in whom a small slice of roast beef always produces a most violent vertigo—a vertigo of quite an uncommon degree of severity. I personally know another in whom half a pint of common beer, if it be a little stale, will produce temporary insanity; and did so when, for curiosity's sake, he tried it, after having refrained from it for seven years.

But in all these cases the fault is not in the food, but in some peculiarity in the stomach and nerves of those with whom it disagrees. If any person know, by experience, that a particular kind of food disagrees with him, he should not take it. But these exceptions do not affect the general rule, and by no means prove that the food which disagrees with them will disagree with the majority of others.

But a particular food will often disagree (at first) with a delicate stomach, merely because it has, for a long time, been carefully avoided.

A similar mistake has been made with reference to condiments, as mustard, pepper, &c. Here too the error has arisen from the misunderstanding of a word—the word stimulants. There is no source of error so prolific as the misunderstanding of the true meaning of words.

The word *stimulants* has been applied both to alcoholic drinks and to these condiments. All are stimulants. But the mode of their operation *as* stimulants is as different as two things can well be. Alcohol inflicts a direct injury upon the brain, and poisons the blood with carbon. Pepper and mustard do nothing more than gently stimulate the lining membrane of the stomach, when taken moderately. When taken *immoderately*, however, they are capable of inflaming it. When taken moderately they are always innocent, and sometimes beneficial, as warm aromatic stimulants. A man, lecturing against stimulants, and against mustard amongst others, said: Mustard applied outwardly draws a blister—of course, therefore, it does the same thing when taken into the stomach. According to the reasoning of this learned Theban, whatever is bad for the outside is equally bad for the inside. And, by a parity of reasoning, whatever is good for the inside must be equally good for the outside. And thus, rubbing the body all over with a good rump steak would be an excellent substitute for a dinner.

Nearly all that can be said sensibly on the subject of diet may be comprised in two words

—quantity and simplicity—quantity, as opposed to excess, and simplicity as opposed to variety. Puddings, pies, pastry, dessert, fish, soups, are all *bad*—emphatically bad. The simplest pudding is complex, containing not fewer than four or five articles, eggs, milk, sugar, bread, &c. Here then is an offence against the law of simplicity. But the great, the prime evil of all these things, is that they all act as *inducements to eat too much.* Variety of flavours stimulates the palate, and cheats the stomach into the reception of more food than it knows what to do with. Were the food perfectly simple, and all one, the stomach would turn sick and reject it.

A very celebrated physician, writing about diet, and bestowing loud laudations on modern cookery, spices, &c., said, that the great object and beauty and utility of all cookery is, that it enables the stomach to take a larger quantity of food than it could otherwise do "without being sick." According to this gentleman, the great secret of nourishing the body consists in cramming into the stomach all that it can be possibly made to contain, *without being sick!*

But to return. Strong flavours, relishes, or

a variety of flavours, creates in the palate a craving pruriency, an itching for more, which the patient mistakes for unsatisfied appetite. And thus they almost *compel* him to a breach of the great, the all-important law of quantity. There is scarcely one man in twenty who does not eat as much as nature requires of the first dish which is put before him at any plain dinner. After this he eats half a pound of pudding and a quarter of a pound of fruit—for a very large apple will weigh a quarter of a pound. This makes just three quarters of a pound too much. What shall we say of him who, beginning with soup, eats his way through fish, flesh, fowl, game, and pastry, finishing with fruit?

Actual experiment has proved that if a labourer, of the average size, eat less than twenty-two ounces, he becomes thin, weak, and unfit for work. If he eat more than twenty-eight ounces he becomes unfit for work from repletion. The proper quantity for a labouring man therefore will be found somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-eight ounces of good solid food—meat and bread. And this is as much as the healthy temperate labourer ever eats—for the labouring man is not a large eater—for physio-

logical reasons easily understood. But he eats his plain food with a keen relish—the relish being *in him,* not in the food. It is the lazy man who is the great eater—and, unlike the labourer, he eats plain food *without* relish. The relish *not being in himself,* he is obliged to put it into his food. The circulation in the labourer is, by constant exercise, kept in a state of constant *acceleration,* and he takes twice or thrice as many inspirations in a minute as the inactive man does, and, therefore, imports into his blood twice or thrice as much oxygen—that true *eau de vie*—that real wine of life. His blood, like liquid vermillion, dances merrily, merrily, along his arteries, and through all the glowing tissues, laden with abundance of oxygen, and thus supplying, to every organ, nature's stimulant, and filling the nervous system with buoyancy and animal spirits.

In the case of the lazy man everything is reversed. He breathes lazily, and therefore his blood is insufficiently supplied with oxygen. He circulates lazily, and therefore his blood stagnates, and is collected in large black inky puddles, in the great venous trunks, and in the capillary blood-vessels whereof the whole tissue

of the body is chiefly composed. The evil here is twofold. The first evil is the deficiency of the wine of life—nature's stimulant—oxygen. The second evil is this, that this black blood, which owes its blackness to the presence of carbonic acid, not only does not afford the necessary stimulus or impetus to the wheels of life, but is an actual depressing poison (by virtue of the carbonic acid which it contains) positively retarding their motion. It is this which gives the lazy man and great eater that craving after stimulating food and stimulating drinks, and that sense of want, lassitude, and even faintness which he experiences if he cannot procure these. He seeks to overcome these sensations by brandy, wine, and cayenne pepper.

Now since life consists in the daily wasting of the *old body*, and the daily supply of *new body* out of the daily food, it is clear that the supply of food must be in proportion to the waste of the body. And since the waste of the body must be in proportion to the exercise taken, it is equally clear that the *food* must be in proportion also to the exercise taken. Hence then it follows that, if twenty-four or twenty-

six ounces of food be sufficient for the labourer who is in active exercise all day long, these quantities for the idle man must be *too much!* Yet I am certain that the idle—the *physically idle* man—eats greatly more than the labouring man, while his excretions, as perspiration, breath, and alvine defluxions, are considerably *less.* What becomes of this excess? It is garnered up in the great venous trunks, and in and throughout the whole of the capillary system—that of the liver, brain, lungs, and spinal cord, in particular—which it gorges, oppresses, poisons. It weighs down the springs of life, and poisons the very root of the tree.

Every ounce of food, therefore, put into the body *too much,* is a solid ounce of tangible material evil, of which the system, under ordinary circumstances, has no means of ridding itself. Hence diseases of all sorts—hence the necessity of *spurring* on the excreting organs, every now and then, by artificial means, to make preternatural efforts, which distress and weaken them, in order to lighten the system of its oppressive burthen. The exact amount of food which any individual requires may always be ascertained by putting him upon a very scanty diet for a

short while, and observing the amount of his daily waste. The daily waste added to the quantity taken will give the amount of food necessary to keep him in health, without either gaining or losing weight. Suppose a patient be made to live upon twelve ounces a-day, and be observed to lose twelve ounces a-day. Then if you give him twenty-four ounces per day he will neither gain nor lose weight, but this daily supply will be exactly equal to his daily waste.

In appointing the diet of an invalid, therefore, where the chief object is that he should eat enough, but never too much, every specious of kickshaw—everything which is taken *merely because it is nice*—as pastry, tarts, sweet puddings, &c. &c.—every temptation to sin against the great law of quantity, should be avoided The perfection of diet is bread, meat, and potatoe—meat, that is, lean meat, once a-day When a patient has eaten as much of these as he likes, at dinner, he frequently looks with a longing eye at the sweet puddings. The question is: ought he to take them or ought he not? The answer is instant and irrefragable. There is but one reason for eating—hunger. Is he

still hungry? If he be, he can eat more bread and meat, and thus avoid any breach of the law of simplicity. If he be *not* hungry, then it is clear that the longing or want which he feels is in the palate, and not in the stomach—a prurient craving, a mere watering of the chops, and can only be indulged at the expense of his health. Bread, meat, and potatoe are far wholesomer food than sweet puddings or greasy pastry, or fermentable fruits. I am sometimes asked: "May I eat this, that, or the other particular article?" I answer: "Why do you want to know?" to which the general rejoinder is: "Because I am *very fond* of it." But to this I reply: "That very circumstance constitutes one of the strongest reasons why you should *not* eat it—you will be sure to eat *too much*." The habit which we have of converting the daily act of feeding into a feast, a treat, a pleasure, an animal gratification, towards which to look forward with delight, and on which to dwell and luxuriate, is a constant source of excessive eating. The labourer has not the means of doing this, which is another *great reason* why he seldom eats too much.

As hunger is an instinct teaching us when to

eat, so disgust, or disrelish for more food, is equally an instinct teaching us when to leave off. But we overcome this instinct by the piquancy of our food, and therefore we *do not know* when we have had enough. The delicate manner in which our *plainest* food is cooked gives it a dangerous degree of relishing piquancy. A fine, hot, roasted, leg of mutton, or tender sirloin of beef, with delicate white bread, are very different matters from the coarse and ill-cooked cold meat of the daily labourer. The fact of our always eating *hot* food is, I am quite sure, another frequent temptation to break the law of quantity; and I am equally sure that hot meat is not so easily digestible as cold, and that it is a most excellent plan to dine off cold meat three or four times a week. Let a man have just laid down his knife and fork, as having finished his dinner off nothing but cold meat and bread. At this moment let a fine, smoking hot, floury, and smiling potatoe be laid upon his plate. There is not one man in twenty who could not and would not take another slice of meat in order to enjoy it with this potatoe. So easily are we tempted to err, that we should

consider a man possessed of an amount of self-denial almost heroic, who could resist the seductive blandishments of—a hot potatoe! There is, then, in the modern method of dressing the plainest food a sufficient amount of piquancy to tempt us astray, without the addition of sweet puddings, pastry, &c., which really serve no other earthly purpose than to tickle the palate and seduce us into eating too much.

Is fruit good? No—fruit is not *good food* at any time—not half so good as bread or meat. But, *after dinner*, it is abominably bad. When a man has *eaten enough*, there can be *no excuse at all* for eating *more*, whether it be fruit or anything else. Dessert of every kind, when rightly considered, is disgusting. For what is it but a literal gorging of the stomach for the *purely* sensual gratification of the gullet? We give a cake to please a child, and throw bones to a dog to win his favour. Man holds himself to be superior in wisdom to both child and dog, and yet is not ashamed to please himself by the same means which he uses to please a child, and win the favour of a dog.

Is fish good? Fish is a very good thing to

make a meal off occasionally. But as *part* of a meal, it is manifestly bad, for the reasons already given. The truth is, it is the *quantity* which is of so much importance, and not the kind of food. All the ordinary kinds of food, as mutton, beef, fowl, fish, game, even plain puddings, as bread puddings, and garden vegetables, are good enough in themselves, if they be taken singly, and not in too great quantity. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that when a man, whose appetite is tolerably good, is nevertheless weak—there can be no greater mistake than to suppose this man can gain anything by eating those particular kinds of food which contain the largest amount of nutriment in the smallest bulk. On the contrary, these kinds of food require a stronger stomach—a stronger quality of gastric juice—to digest them, than simple food. If a man does not gain strength on common bread, meat and potatoe, neither will he on any other kind of food whatever. And too much nutritious matter forced into his system will do him *harm*. His blood will contain too large an amount of these matters, because his solid organs cannot appropriate it, *out* of the blood to their own substance—and it is thus left float-

ing *in* the blood, where an excess of it is highly mischievous. There is no better food (of course with the exception of particular instances) than bread, meat, and potatoe—and the meat should often be eaten cold.

Another most admirable plan is, for people in health, to have one meagre day in the week —one fast day—and to eat nothing on that day but a very little bread and butter, morning and evening, and a basin of mutton broth with a little bread in it for dinner. With the greatest caution it is still difficult to avoid an occasional excess, and one fast day a week rectifies the evil. There is no fear of eating too little.

For fear I should forget it, I will mention here that all these rules are merely general, and cannot apply to particular instances. Every case of disease must stand solely on its own bottom, both as it regards diet and treatment too.

Is it better to eat toasted bread than bread untoasted? I think bread untoasted is the better of the two; and that bread is better than biscuit, especially where the bowels are confined.

It may be asked, why I permit puddings on my table at Stanstead Bury house? Because it frequently happen that I have patients who cannot eat meat, and others for whom meat is improper.

The saliva which becomes mingled with the food by the act of *chewing*, serves an important office in the process of stomach-digestion, by carrying oxygen into that organ. Solid food, therefore, which requires *chewing*, is better than liquid food, which latter escapes immediately out of the mouth into the stomach unmingled with saliva. Frequent drinking at dinner is, therefore, bad, because this, in some measure, is thus made to supply the place of saliva. The proper time for drinking is about three or four hours after dinner, when it will generally be found that nature makes a call for drink in the shape of thirst.

Milk is not good for the same reason that cheese and eggs are not good. It contains only one of the three elements of nutrition. It is the proper food of infants, not of man.

Green tea and coffee are certainly bad. Cocoa is greasy, and will often disagree with

delicate stomachs. The most innocent of our warm drinks is black tea, made so weak as to be merely a palatable way of getting down a warm fluid instead of a cold one, in cold weather, and when the bowels are constipated. The tea should only be in sufficient quantity to take off the sickliness of the water.

Lean meat more than once a day is bad. It is too stimulating and fills the blood with too much fibrine.

There should always be five or six hours between meal and meal, and the third meal should always be greatly the lightest.

I shall conclude these few remarks on diet by declaring it to be my conviction that any system of diet which deals in minute distinctions between the various kinds of ordinary food is paltry and pettifogging, and destitute of significance—well worthy the pages of old Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, but unscientific and unintelligible. I believe the golden rule of diet to be expressed in two words—

SIMPLICITY AND QUANTITY.

EXERCISE.

I attach great importance to exercise *on horseback*. I do not think the value and peculiar advantages of this species of exercise are sufficiently understood.

When a man walks, the power which enables him to perform the act of locomotion, is furnished by the spinal cord; it is a tax taken out of the exchequer of that organ, and tends to exhaust that very system which it is intended to strengthen—the nervous system. When a man rides, this tax is taken out of the spinal cord of the horse. It is *his* nervous system which is chiefly exhausted, *not* his rider's. It is *he* who has furnished the locomotive power both to himself and his master. And since the good results of exercise are confined to increased circulation, increased rapidity in breathing, perspiration, and air, all these can be obtained on horseback, with one quarter of the fatigue, that is, nervous exhaustion, consequent upon the exercise of walking.

But there is another great advantage. It

enables a man to take more exercise and more air, for exercise on horseback will not preclude him from taking exercise on foot also. Besides all this, it is far more exhilarating —and this, of itself, is a point of no small importance.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

I recommend strongly—very strongly—to the perusal of my readers a little book (price 1s. stitched, and 1s. 6d. in cloth) published by J. Gadsby, Newall's Buildings, Manchester, and by R. Groombridge, 5, Paternoster Row, London. It is a very concise abridgment of a thick octavo volume published by two physicians, Sir John Floyer, and Dr. Edward Baynard, in the year 1722. It is called the "History of Cold Bathing, both ancient and modern, showing that the present hydropathic treatment was successfully followed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, proving its efficiency, and containing a variety of cases and cures."

Medical men are accustomed to say that they were already in possession of all that is good in the hydropathic treatment.

This is partly true and partly not true. The treatment consists of several parts, viz. frequent cold bathing, vapour bath, exercise, almost constant exposure to the air, sweating, strict attention to diet, early hours, mental repose, absence of all excitements, &c. &c. Now it is true that we have always been in possession of each of these several parts, and have always set a high value on each of them as a remedial agent. But the merit which is due to Priessnitz, and the newness of what is now called (absurdly enough) the hydropathic treatment,* consists in the union of all these several parts into *one whole*, and the systematic manner in which the details of this whole are carried out, and the construction of an establishment for that purpose, without which it is absolutely impossible that the treatment can be effectively practised in chronic diseases.

It seems to me, therefore, that medical men

* Natural medicine would be a better term. For the word medicine signifies (not drugs in particular) but any means of curing whatever.

should hail these establishments as precisely the very things of which they stood most in need for the purpose of insuring effective and systematic attention to their *own recommendations* in all those cases in which they are accustomed to rely chiefly on exercise, air, cold bathing, diet, attention to the skin, absence of excitement, &c. &c.

DANGER OF THE TREATMENT.

It is perfectly clear that no kind of treatment whatever can be free from danger when practised by ignorant men. The question is this: is the hydropathic treatment *more* dangerous than the drug-treatment, both being practised by professional men? The late Dr. James Johnson has declared in his work on Ireland, that it was his most "conscientious conviction" that the drug-treatment kills more than it cures. Surely this assertion, made by an eminent London physician, of large practice, is a sufficient answer to the above question.

The hydropathic treatment, when practised by ignorant men, is undoubtedly capable of producing much and most serious mischief.

But when conducted by a professional man, and used with an ordinary degree of caution, the hydropathic treatment is *absolutely free* from danger.

Much alarm has been excited at the idea of going into the cold bath while perspiring. This is entirely a popular error—not only unsupported, but absolutely contradicted, by all physiological reasoning and all experience. To excite the circulation to the point of perspiration before bathing, *removes whatever danger there might otherwise be.* The only danger of cold bathing consists in the production of internal *congestions* (stagnation)—and it is quite obvious that this danger is entirely removed by previously throwing the blood into quick and active *motion*, and driving it to the *surface.* When the blood is moving lazily along, and already half stagnant and accumulated in the deep-seated structures, cold bathing may quite stop it in some organ or other. But when it is driven out of the deep-seated structures—when it is rushing vigorously through the vessels of the skin—then the unwonted impetus which it has received completely *resists* the impression made on the surface by the cold.

Experience also is quite opposed to this unphysiological notion. In the steam-ships navigated between Suez and India, certain Africans are employed to carry the coals from the more distant parts of the vessel and deposit them at the mouth of the furnace. This is excessively severe labour on account of the heat. One gang of men can only work at it for one hour at a time. When the hour is up, they are always in a state of the most profuse perspiration. What is their custom? They go to the ship's pumps, and one pumps on the other, by way of cleaning and cooling themselves, and no ill consequences ever result from this practice.

To excite perspiration and then plunge into cold water has been a popular remedy, time out of mind, among the Russians, the Mandan Indians, the Himalaijan mountains,* the Polynesian islands,† &c. &c. If ill consequences had been observed to result from this remedy, it would have soon ceased to be a popular one. Yet the practice obtains to this present moment.

* Tour in the Himalaijas, by Lloyd. p. 271 to 278.

† Polynesian Researches.

One of the great advantages of having a patient in one's own house, constantly under one's own eye, is this. Although the list of classified diseases is a pretty long one, yet it is nothing to that host of ailments which can be reduced to no class, and which depend on the most obscure causes. Assemblages of symptoms which have never been seen before, and *old* diseases assuming *new* forms, are constantly occurring. Now it is quite impossible to get to the bottom of these anomalous diseases by that mere glimpse of the case which the physician gets by an ordinary morning visit. It requires a continuous and daily and hourly observation to achieve this. It frequently happens when the patient visits his physician that he forgets the half of what he had to say. Some passing sensation occurs, when he is at home, which would clear up every difficulty. When next he sees his physician he forgets it. Some time afterwards perhaps he mentions it. But the connexion is now broken—the *order* in which the several sensations or other symptoms occurred is destroyed. A particular symptom occurring by itself may prove nothing—but occurring in connexion with certain others may prove

everything. There is no consecutiveness in the observations of a medical man who only sees his patient at intervals. The chain of evidence consists of broken links. But when the physician is in the next room to his patient, every passing sensation is at once reported to him. Besides all this, the information which he derives from his own eye is of much greater importance than any which he can get from the patient's attempt to describe his own condition.

It must be remembered that this work has reference only to the treatment of chronic diseases.

In mentioning the case of the clergyman at my house, whose bowels were only relieved once in three weeks, I forgot to remark that he constantly had the most profuse night sweats. I have had occasion to observe that the secretion of the skin is almost always the

one which is morbidly increased in habitual constipation, where no opening medicines are taken to force a secretion from the bowels.

The late Dr. Thos. Coulter was occasionally the subject of constipation. Whenever this happened, "*my skin*" (I use his own words) "*took up the action, and I became an abomination to myself.*"

The following two cases, I think, are an irresistible proof that the stools are a secretion from the blood, and not the undigested residue of the food.

Mr. F——n, a patient of mine, was in the daily habit of eating pretty heartily *every two hours*, and an additional large plate of sandwiches during the night. Yet he never had more than three motions a week, gained no flesh, but was always extremely thin, and his abdomen so flat as to be rather concave than convex.

The other is as follows. A lady, between 60 and 70 years of age, of strong intellectual

powers, but of weakly health, after having undergone severe and protracted mental exertions, fell suddenly into a low and desponding condition, which finally and somewhat suddenly ended in insanity. Within a few days after her reason had left her, she was suddenly attacked with a paralytic seizure, when her reasoning faculties were as suddenly restored. She was excessively thin from long indisposition and defect of appetite. Immediately, however, after the occurrence of the paralytic seizure, her appetite became all at once enormous—almost beyond credence. She ate regularly ten large meals a day, and always one and frequently two during the night. This lasted for a considerable time; and during all this time her bowels were *never relieved* without medicine, and even then acted with so much difficulty that croton oil (the most violent purgative we possess) was the only medicine that could procure anything like an ordinary motion, and which was exceedingly small in quantity. Yet, in spite of this vast daily amount of food taken, there was no abdominal tumefaction. On the contrary, her medical man, astonished as to what could become of this monstrous

quantity of daily food, made frequent examinations of the belly and always found it unusually flat, flaccid, and soft.

Now if the daily stools consisted of the daily residue of the daily food, it is quite clear—mechanically certain—that there *must* have been, in both these cases, a prominence—a protuberance—an amount of abdominal tumefaction, equal to the enormous daily residue which would have resulted from this enormous quantity of daily food. Yet, although the quantity of food taken into the system was vastly beyond the ordinary quantity, the amount of the evacuations was greatly less than under common circumstances—and the belly so far from being tumefied, was, in both cases, remarkably flat and flaccid.

In the duodenum the chyme is separated into chyle, and another fluid which is not chyle. The chyle is taken up by the lacteals—the rest (I suppose) is absorbed by the veins.

The newly-born infant generally has a motion

within a few hours after birth. This is most probably bile. In adults the bile is absorbed from the bowels into the system for the purposes of *respiration*. But the unborn infant does *not* respire. Therefore the bile secreted from the liver shortly before birth, not being required for the purposes of respiration, is expelled out of the system by the bowels.

There should be great discrimination used in the production of the crisis. In many instances it can do no good, and then only serves to weaken the patient and protract his recovery. Exercise also is often pushed to an absurd and most injurious extent.

FLATULENCE.

Flatulence does *not* result from the decomposition of the food in the stomach and bowels. Wind, in these cases, is a true secretion from the blood—a morbid secretion instead of a healthy one. I have at this moment a patient in my house who expels wind from his bladder

—and wind is frequently secreted from the blood into the uterus. Wind also is sometimes found *outside* the bowels, between the bowels and the walls of the belly, constituting what is called tympany.

The secretions from the bowels do *not owe their colour to the presence of bile.* The most accurate experiments can discover no trace of bile in these secretions. The bile is re-absorbed into the system from the surface of the small intestines, and is subservient to respiration.*

* Liebig.

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